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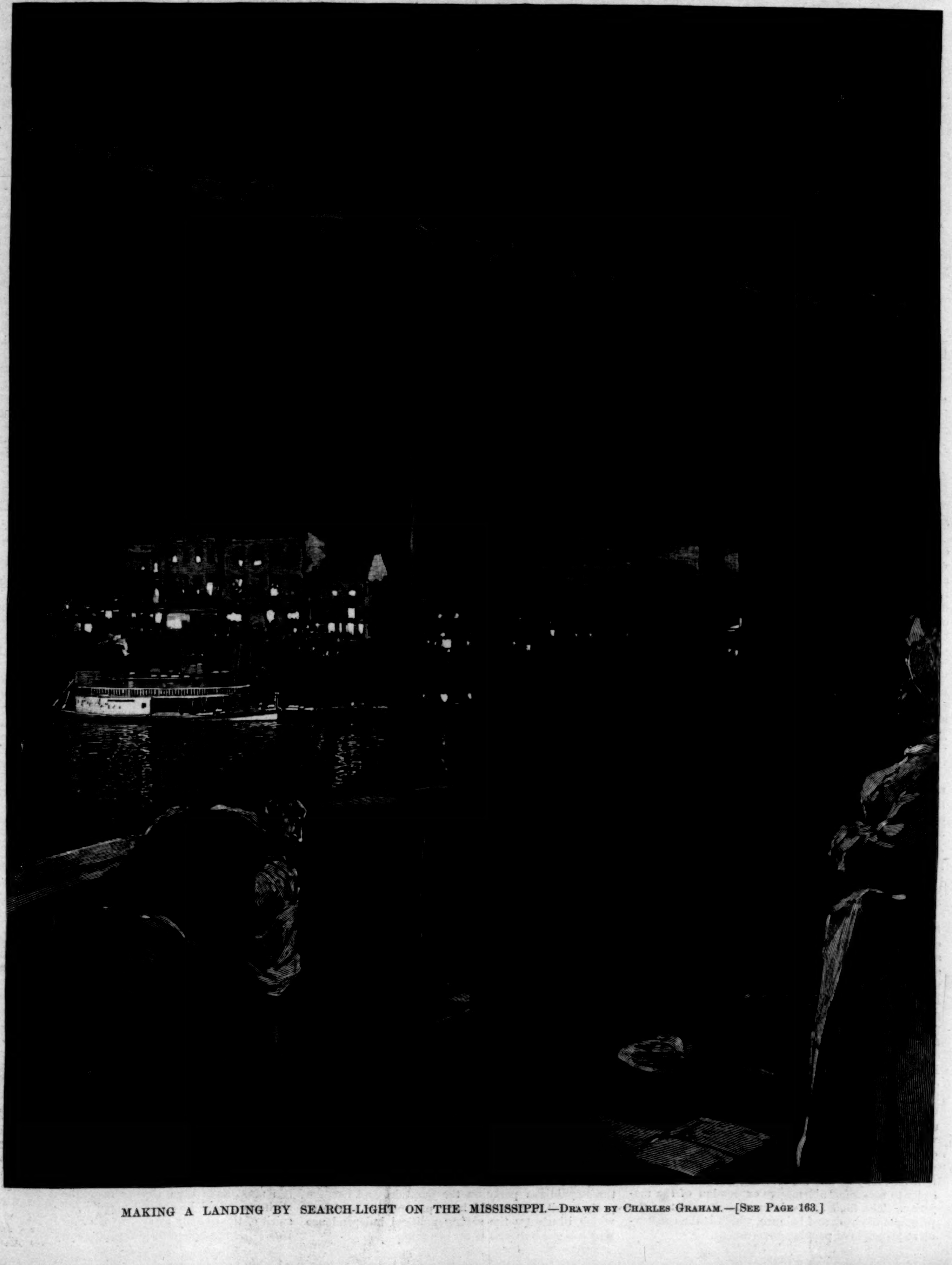

MAKING A LANDING BY SEARCH-LIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 163.]

In the beauty and artistic work of illustration, and the excellence of its literary products, HARPER'S MAGAZINE *is excelled by no other publication of its kind.*—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NUMBER 478.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH.

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. By General WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A. With eight illustrations drawn by RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM. A Story. Part I. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

JOHN RUSKIN. An Essay. By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE. With six illustrations from an etching by HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A., and drawings by HARRY FENN.

VENETIAN BOATS. By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. With twenty illustrations from drawings by JOSEPH PENNELL.

MANILA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS. By Dr. SAMUEL KNEELAND. With six illustrations.

SHORT STORIES: On the South Shore. By MARGARET CROSBY. (Three illustrations drawn by C. S. REINHART.)—An Ignoble Martyr. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.—Our Invalid Wives. By LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

THE RESTORED HEAD OF IRIS IN THE PARTHENON FRIEZE. By Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN. Five illustrations from photographs.

THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE. By THEODORE CHILD. Three illustrations from drawings by L. O. MERSON and a photograph.

HOW TO LISTEN TO WAGNER'S MUSIC. By H. E. KREHBIEL.

THE NAJÀ-KALLU, OR COBRA STONE. By Professor H. HENSOLDT, Ph.D.

POEMS. By ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP, GERALD MASSEY, JOSEPH B. GILDER, CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN, and FLORENCE HENNIKER.

"I MUST HAVE THIS TOOTH OUT." Full-page illustration drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.—The Easy Chair. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.—The Study. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.—The Drawer. Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

LITERARY NOTES. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE SPEAKER'S VICTORY.

THE Speaker of the House of Representatives has long been one of the most important of public officers. He appoints the committees of the House, which prepare all legislation, and the House generally follows the committees. It is thus largely in the power of the Speaker to control legislation. Under the old rules of procedure, however, the minority could delay and even baffle the action of the House, and some method of restraining filibustering was unquestionably necessary. But the Republican majority, under Mr. REED'S leadership, has adopted rules which greatly increase the power of the Speaker, and make him a still more important figure in the government. This is done by depriving the minority of a power which the Republican minority has always justly claimed to be of the highest conservative value—the power of imperatively calling the attention of the country to proposed acts of the political majority which the minority hold to be unjust, unconstitutional, or prejudicial to the public welfare, and of holding the majority to a voting responsibility for such acts. This perfectly legitimate power, which Republicans have always rightfully exercised and justified, and which in no sense whatever is an obstruction of the right of the majority to rule, the Republicans have now denied upon no better plea than that it was right for Republicans but wrong for Democrats.

In order still further to check the minority, and to abrogate the restraints upon the majority which constitutional practice has developed, the Speaker is authorized not to put dilatory motions. That there should be authority to secure action upon every question after fair and reasonable debate is undeniable. But this power should not be lodged in an agent of a partisan majority, but in the majority itself. It implies a judicial temper in the Speaker which exists in the Speaker of the House of Commons, but which cannot be discerned in the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The rule, however, has been adopted, and with the other rule which authorizes the Speaker to count a quorum from non-voting members, the power of the party majority, whether present or absent, is established without restraint. No valid argument, however, has been presented for the course finally adopted. It was not a question of the rule of the majority, but of the reasonable obstruction that may be offered, and ought to be offered, in order to secure an affirmative expression of the majority. The final action is an abandonment of the principle of check and balance, which is the conservative principle of popular government.

If the alleged motive of the action of the House be correct, the results will be of great importance. The motive, as alleged, is this: that an election of Representatives has shown the desire of the country that certain declarations of policy made by a party shall be carried out in legislation, and therefore that no obstruction to that Representative will should be tolerated. It follows, then, that if this plea be sound, and if the political majority of Representatives be honest, it will proceed to enact its platform into laws. It will enforce, for instance, the demand that letter postage shall be reduced to one cent. It will extend the scope of the reformed civil service, and repeal all laws, such as the "four-years laws," which are at variance with the objects of reform, as well as construct a navy, build fortifications, grant money for education, legislate against trusts, and maintain a high tariff upon wool. These consequences follow from the reasons alleged for the extraordinary restriction by the rules of what Republicans have hitherto held to be the fair right of a minority. But it is doubtful if the action of the House will show anything more than its conviction that the country demands not what the platform said, but what the House chooses to give.

PARTY SPIRIT.

THE disposition and the ability of the people to restrain themselves are the vindication of popular government. In other words, it is the moderation, not the inflammation, of party spirit which is the security of such a government. It used to be accepted almost as a truism that popular governments inevitably perished by the madness and fury of factions, and the Roman proscriptions and the civil contests of the so-called mediæval republics were cited as awful warnings. But the history of the American republic traverses this tradition. It is especially interesting as an illustration of peaceful popular acquiescence in the will of the majority lawfully expressed. Obedience to law is the distinction and the security of the republic. This is due largely to the temperament of the dominant race in the country, to its traditions, and to its training. These have given us the disposition and the power to restrain ourselves. It follows that the tendency to magnify and intensify party spirit is one that patriotism will vigorously oppose, because such a tendency involves the destruction of our chief political safeguard.

The assertion of party organs and orators that our government is one of party, that therefore every citizen ought to be a partisan, and the more completely partisan the better, is a great mistake. The very reverse of this proposition is the truth. The more effectively a man restrains his party spirit the better citizen is he, and the more wisely he serves the country. No man ought to be a partisan in the sense in which the assertions about party are generally made. A party is properly an agency; it is a convenient form of association and action to obtain certain results; but its transformation into a continuing organization to be supported for its own sake, which is the theory of ardent partisans, is both ridiculous and dangerous. It was this conviction which led Mr. GREELEY to say that parties ought to be reconstructed every few years, and the will and power practically to oppose the tendency to magnify party are the conservative forces of popular government. This is the source of interest of the late contest about the World's Fair in New York. Party spirit, or what is familiarly called politics, suddenly intervened, and alleging that another party was trying to prostitute the enterprise to its own advantage, began a party fight in which the original purpose of the Fair disappeared.

The demand of a change in the number of corporators named in the bill as drafted was based upon the assertion that, as a majority of them were politically of Democratic sympathies, their action as members of the committee would be partisan. In fact, the statement in regard to the political views of a majority was incorrect. But had it been accurate, it was assumed that of course they would act not for the general welfare, the honor of the country, and the success of the undertaking, but that they would use the money which was to be raised by public taxation for the benefit of a party. The committee was composed of the most eminent, conspicuous, and public-spirited citizens of New York. But nevertheless there was apparently no doubt in the minds of the official representatives and leaders of the party which claims to be the most intelligent and patriotic that such citizens were so consumed with mere partisan zeal that they would not hesitate to lend themselves to the prostitution of a great patriotic project. If this assumption were correct, it shows that WASHINGTON'S earnest warning against party spirit was neither premature nor extravagant. That it was not correct, however, was shown by the party rupture which the assumption instantly made, and it is precisely the intelligence and good sense which divided the Republican party on the question, and not the party spirit, that would have prevented a division, which illustrates the saving political independence which is the bulwark of the republic.

BALLOT REFORM IN NEW YORK.

EX-SENATOR WARNER MILLER says that the Republican State Committee in New York, in its recent attempt to influence legislation, entirely transcended its authority. But viewed either as a body of active party politicians from every part of the State, or merely as rotten-borough minions of a boss, the members of the committee express what either they or their boss believe to be the party sentiment. Their late queer manifesto, therefore, is significant, because it supports the SAXTON ballot reform bill as warmly as the Speaker's new rules. The reform is thus positively and affirmatively approved by the strict PLATT Republicans, who are the old Hunker wing of the party, as distinguished from the MILLER-DEPEW-ROOT Barnburners, who are as heartily committed to it. Its chief opponent is the Democratic Governor, and its antagonists in the Legislature will be probably Democrats. It must be regarded, therefore, in this State, as a Republican measure.

The rapid progress of this reform is one of the striking signs of the public political health. It is within a very short time that it was practically proposed, and it is already adopted in several States with such success and satisfaction that its further progress is not doubtful. Governor HILL, with the instinctive feeling that his political career depends largely upon his identification with the spirit that opposes all reforms aiming at honester political methods—a spirit which is unquestionably powerful—has hitherto prevented the passage of the reform bill. In doing this he opposes a very strong and increasing feeling in his own party, and he must foresee that his party would not dare, in a national platform, to pronounce against ballot reform, or even to omit to declare its approval of it. He is playing a dangerous game for himself, unless he is persuaded that the controlling sentiment of his party is really hostile to the reform, or unless he is desperately conscious that its best sentiment approves it, and for that reason would reject him as the party candidate.

There can be no doubt of the passage of the bill by the Republican Legislature, and no doubt, also, of the great benefit to honest elections if it should become law. The prompt and general demand of ballot reform, and its complete success wherever applied, are very suggestive facts for every shrewd politician. The Governor undoubtedly sees in its support by Mr. PLATT and his State Committee reason to believe that it must somehow benefit the Republican party, because otherwise the PLATT power would not favor it. The tone of the Governor's friends in the press shows that the objection will be raised that the reform disfranchises illiterate voters. This point, however, has been foreseen, and due provision made to secure the casting of such ballots according to the will of the voter. The illiterate voter must in any case be aided, and the law secures honest aid for him. The dishonest manipulation of such voters is one of the chief and most familiar corruptions of elections, and it is one of the notorious wrongs upon honest voters which the law is intended to correct. Moreover, in a community which taxes itself enormously to provide free education for every citizen, illiteracy cannot be justly urged as a bar against equitable measures for securing honest elections. The general registry which has been proposed is a good scheme, but it has nothing whatever to do with the ballot law. The registry records the right to vote; the reformed ballot law prescribes the method of voting. If the Democratic representatives in the Legislature generally sustain Governor HILL in opposing the SAXTON bill, it must be assumed that the reform has very little effective Democratic support in this State, or that the party representatives do not represent the party.

ON WITH THE DANCE!

JUST as the last number of the WEEKLY was issued, which mentioned the sudden and direful interruption of the dance of triumph by the Republican "Big Four" in New York, heavenly harmony descended, and the saltatory exercises were happily resumed in unison. The situation was certainly threatening. Mr. PLATT and Mr. HISCOCK on one side, Mr. DEPEW and Mr. WARNER MILLER on the other, disagreed, and the Legislature, the State Committee, and the party in general were angrily divided. There was apparently imminent danger that the New York branch of the party organized to prevent the extension of slavery would go to pieces over the question of annulling an alleged Tammany majority on the committee for a Fair.

However desirable the Fair may be, nobody with the least perception of humor will deny that a broader comedy has not been presented upon the public boards for many a day. If a hostile British fleet had been coming up the bay, instead of "TOM PLATT" proposing to correct the partisan character of a Fair committee, there could not have been a loftier spirit of resistance to the bitter end. Mr. DEPEW'S sense of fun must have been rioting throughout the whole business. And he entered happily into the glowing spirit of the comedy by saying of a Fair in New York that "the most phenomenal opportunity ever offered

to a community for fabulous wealth, for the happiness of its people, and their increase in intelligence is now offered," while he playfully disposed of Mr. PLATT'S theory of the Tammany drift of the Commission by remarking that it was of a kind to make a brass monkey get up on his hind legs and laugh his head off.

But it is probably "TOM PLATT" who laughs last. He said that there was a Tammany majority on the Commission, and it must be annulled by adding twenty-two Republican names. "Oh no," said the other side, "there is no Tammany majority whatever, but let us annul it by requiring a two-thirds vote." "All right," said "TOM"; "I agree, for that annuls the Tammany majority." Thereupon three cheers for the Honorable THOMAS C. PLATT shook the circumambient air. Everybody claimed the victory. "Traitors," "assassins," "Judas Iscariots," "Benedict Arnolds," "renegades," and "enemies of the Fair" fell to mutual embracing, and all made one happy family. Once more the Great Four are cutting pigeon-wings of harmony, and as the curtain descends on the good old comedy, they advance to the foot-lights, tripping in time, and singing, gayly,

"On with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

PARNELLISM AND CRIME.

THE report of the Parnell Commission is an important document, with which, according to the London correspondents, both sides seem to be satisfied. The direct criminal complicity, as charged by the *Times* in its articles upon "Parnellism and Crime," is denied. But an encouragement of methods which led to crime is affirmed, and forty-four members of the House are found guilty, in this sense, of criminal conspiracy. They countenanced boycotting and intimidation.

This, however, is a refinement which will be lost practically upon the British mind. If the distinct criminal charges against Mr. PARNELL are unfounded, Mr. PARNELL is a better man than we took him for. This will be the general conclusion. For any man who warmly supports a cause may be in a certain sense held to be responsible for acts done to advance it. The New York Whigs and Tories of the Revolution were classed respectively as friends of Skinners and Cow-boys. The supporters of the Land League, in the same way, promoted boycotting and the wrongs which resulted from it. In finding the Irish members named guilty of criminal conspiracy the Commission embarrasses the government more than the members or the country, which will regard the phrase as Pickwickian.

The report is undoubtedly an impartial judgment of the situation, and as such it must be interpreted as favorable to Mr. PARNELL and his friends. The real charge was that they were engaged in a conspiracy to separate Ireland from England, and were practically accessory to crimes to promote that object. This charge has failed wholly, and the Irish members appear as engaged in a lawful scheme for what they hold to be for the benefit of their country, and in the pursuit of that object many excesses have been committed and laws have been resisted. The vague background of criminal suspicion against which the Home Rulers stood, to their immense disadvantage, has vanished. They may be unwise, and many of their followers may be lawless, but they are fighting a legitimate constitutional battle. This must be considered to be the verdict, and it cannot but be considered a great victory for Mr. PARNELL and his friends.

FROM SANTA FE.

HERE is a Santa Fe view of ballot reform:

"The Australian system is good just this far—it makes every voter *independent*. Let's have it by all means. But the idea that secrecy will stop vote-buying seems more than doubtful. The chances that a floater will take a bribe, and then break his word and vote the other way, are about one in a hundred. Does the floater wish to see his 'occupation gone'? Not quite. Is there no honor among thieves? Will the doubtful but wealthy candidate save his money, and let slip a 9–10 or even a 1–2 chance that his floaters will vote as they agree? Not by one hundred years more of dilly-dallying with the question. Why not add a clincher to the Australian system by taking all penalty from the vote-seller, and making it no less than five years in the penitentiary to buy a vote? That would make the business dangerous—positively dangerous—and give detectives a chance. So long as buyer and seller are equally punishable, they protect each other.

"But we can't do it. Why? Just this:

"There are enough political hogs in both parties who don't want reform to block all progress."

Our correspondent must not lose heart. Experience shows that there are not enough "political hogs" in both parties to defeat any reform which the public conviction really demands. In such cases the "hogs" may root, but they must die.

MR. DOUGLAS ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE speech of Mr. DOUGLAS, the son of Mr. LINCOLN'S old rival and opponent, at the late dinner in Brooklyn on LINCOLN'S birthday was very interesting. He said that there is a general tendency to extol Mr. LINCOLN'S tenderness and gentleness and childlikeness, in practical disregard of the positive, practical, masterful qualities which made him a true leader of men. Mr. DOUGLAS regards him as the clearest-headed and shrewdest, as well as the cleanest-handed and purest, of American politicians; or, as we should prefer to say, public men; for the word politician, however good a word, has come to be used in a sense which fits many men, but not Mr. LINCOLN.

This view is fully justified by the HAY and NICOLAY life of Mr. LINCOLN, and by that of Mr. HERNDON. The revelations made by his secretaries of Mr. LINCOLN'S command of his cabinet and administration, of his tranquil but absolute self-reliance, of his extraordinary ability in affairs of which he might be supposed to have been practically ignorant, his singular tact in dealing with men, and of his marvellous diplomatic instinct, as illustrated in his correction of Mr. SEWARD'S despatches, are as surprising as they are agreeable.

Such facts are as pleasant as the details of the ability and wisdom of WASHINGTON to one who has taken only the mythological view of him. The goodness of both men is obvious. It is their greatness which with the lapse of time is constantly more striking. The successful leadership of colonies in active revolution requires something more than goodness and tenderness and sweetness, and the wise conduct of a great country convulsed with civil war, under the conditions of our contest, demands the greatest and noblest human qualities. This truth was recalled and illustrated admirably by the son of Mr. DOUGLAS in speaking of Mr. LINCOLN.

THE PENDING COPYRIGHT BILL.

THERE seems to be little reason to doubt that the Senate, which last year passed the copyright bill, is as friendly to the measure, or even more friendly, this year. The Judiciary Committee of the House has unanimously agreed to report an international bill, which is substantially the CHACE-BRECKENRIDGE bill, and the House Committee on Patents has already reported favorably a similar bill. As the bills are not materially different, if the favorable reports are honest, final agreement may be assumed, and the passage of a compromise bill. But the ways of Congress temper the ardor of anticipation, and the progress of the measure must be watched closely.

The recognition of an author's moral property right in his production, and the necessity of considering both vested interests and the fundamental law, have produced the bill known as the CHACE, or CHACE-BRECKENRIDGE bill. This is supported by authors, publishers, and the various branches of book manufacture. It is the first and only bill which has united that support, and the union, of course, is due to mutual concessions. The plea against the bill is practically one of confiscation. It calls itself a plea for cheap literature, but it really urges cheapness at any cost.

In fact, as is shown by the testimony of the most sagacious experts, the cost of no class of books would be affected by the bill, except possibly future novels. The logic of the adverse argument would abolish all copyright, domestic as well as foreign. But if the public welfare is to be the final consideration, it is undeniable that the confiscation of any rights instinctively recognized by a just public sentiment is an injury to the public welfare whether it makes books cheaper or dearer.

THE NEW YORK CAPITOL.

THE New York Capitol has already cost more than four times its contemplated cost, and a sum equal to that originally contemplated is necessary to complete it. The sum first mentioned was $4,000,000. The outlay thus far has been, according to the report of the Comptroller, $18,399,295.29, and undoubtedly $4,000,000 more would be necessary to complete it properly. The project first took form in the Constitutional Convention twenty-three years ago, and the narrative of the progress of the work is not a pleasing tale for the pride or the purse of New York.

It is, however, in many ways a noble building. Except the Capitol at Washington, there is no public building in the country so impressive. Certain parts, like the chamber of the Court of Appeals and the stately Library, are unequalled. That there have been monstrous carelessness and jobbery, however, during the course of the work the exposure of the ceiling scandal showed, and that under private auspices the building would have been finished long ago, no less substantially and very much more cheaply, is unquestionable.

But there can be no doubt that it should be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. If the people of the State could be polled upon the question they would not decree that the Capitol should remain unfinished. They would, however, undoubtedly demand to know exactly what needs yet to be done, and what the estimated cost may be. Politics and jobbery are the Gog and Magog of public buildings, and it is only with labor and pains that the public work gets done. But labor and pains can ascertain what is necessary to complete the Capitol, and the same good genii can then complete it.

KNICKERBOCKER "WORTHIES."

THE loiterer who admires Union Square and Gramercy Park and Madison Square—pleasant parks amid busy streets—naturally rejoices that there was an intelligent public spirit which would not suffer those open spaces to be obliterated by the encroaching city. But a recent paper in the *Tribune* reminds us of the pertinence of the cadi's question, "Who is she?" Every great movement is apt to resolve itself largely into the heroic tenacity of one man or woman whose name historically represents it, as ROMILLY the reform of the penal laws in England, or GARRISON the abolition of slavery in the United States, or FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE the sanitary care of an army. Such men and women do not accomplish results alone, but when known they typify the result to the public mind.

We say when known, because it is often necessary to ask the cadi's question. Here is a result, but who mainly achieved it? Union Square, within the memory of men living, was a waste and neglected ground. But a citizen of great public spirit and mental grasp, whose official reports upon internal improvements and the Erie Canal are of very great value, and whose figure was familiar until within a few years, SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, was the real founder of Union Square as we know it, and a bust of him might well be placed there. He also gave the area of Gramercy Park to the owners of sixty adjoining lots, on condition that they would build fine houses around it. Mr. RUGGLES must be ranked among the "worthies" of the city.

In a similar way Madison Square, a delightful pleasure-ground, the city mainly owes to JAMES HARPER, who was Mayor of New York forty-six years ago. The land had been a Potter's Field, and was partly covered with a pond. The city authorities proposed to build upon it a House of Refuge, but Mr. HARPER rescued it and saved it for the public ground which is a great ornament of the city. It is pleasant to associate such pleasant spots with eminent citizens, and to be reminded that it is just such individual perception and persistence, which show and lead the way, that secure great public benefits.

PERSONAL.

AMONG the earliest lecturers on Russian Nihilism in this country was JOHN BAKER, now of Boston, an escaped Siberian exile, who carries the marks of the knout on his back. His father was beheaded in the latter part of the '50s for participation in a Polish insurrection, and he, his mother, sisters, and sweetheart were packed off to Siberia by different routes. The band of exiles which included BAKER rose against their guards while on their way to Siberia. Some of the prisoners were shot down and others escaped, BAKER being among the latter. He came to this country near the opening of the war, entered the Union army, and fought with the boys in blue till peace was restored. Then he joined the regular army, and saw service on the frontier. The loss of a hand by an accident forced his discharge, and he has since been engaged in literary and other pursuits. Now he is married to an American lady, and lives in Boston, where he holds some government position. When Mr. BAKER first told in this country his story of Russian cruelty and oppression, it was pronounced untruthful and greatly overdrawn by GEORGE KENNAN, who had been to the land of the Muscovite, but only had a surface glimpse of its institutions and government. Since his later investigations Mr. KENNAN has materially changed his views. Mr. BAKER'S name is of course assumed, and he preserves his homely pseudonym out of regard for his friends in Siberia and in Russian Poland, for he, like other exiles, is active in secret work which it is hoped may some time bring peace and light to his native land.

—The late Empress AUGUSTA maintained a strict dietary for many years before her death. Her first meal of the day was a cup of cocoa or of strong tea, taken early in the morning, and this was followed at 11 A.M. by a large cup of bouillon. About two o'clock she ate her principal meal, consisting usually of a small piece of fowl, a few vegetables, and a glass of wine and water, while her supper consisted only of an ice, a slice of cake, and a cup of tea. Among other anecdotes now circulated concerning the Empress is the one that during the Berlin riots of 1848 she disguised herself in the uniform of a lieutenant of artillery, and carried some valuable papers she could confide to no one else from the residence of the Prince of Prussia to the royal palace. The Empress is said to have left a fortune of over ten million marks. The Grand Duchess of Baden inherits half of this sum, and all of the Empress's jewels.

—SOLOMON SULLER, the reformer of the Jewish liturgy, and composer of most of the ritual music used everywhere by the reformed Jews, died recently at Vienna at the age of eighty-six. He had been chief cantor in the synagogue of that city for the past sixty years.

—BEETHOVEN'S musical instruments have been exciting a good deal of public interest lately. A Guarnerius violin, supposed to be his on the strength of the initials L. v. B. scratched upon it, has recently been proved spurious; but the last piano used by him, made expressly for him by CONRAD GRAFF, and declared by competent judges to be genuine, has just been secured by the Beethoven Society of Bonn.

—GREENE'S celebrated "Ride to Khiva" is to be outdone by a Cossack officer named PYEVTZOFF. Mounted on a cavalry horse, and carrying his provisions with him, he started alone from Bielovetchensk, on the river Amoor, in November. He expects to reach St. Petersburg in April, having made the longest ride on record, a distance of 5300 miles. When met near Irkutsk he had made about a quarter of the distance, and was in excellent health and spirits.

—Señor CASTELAR, the great Spanish republican, has recently brought himself into ill odor among his own party by the display of his personal esteem for Queen CHRISTINA and his solicitude during the illness of the baby King. His gallantry in making inquiries concerning his illness has been construed into disloyalty to his principles. His regard for the Queen dates back to the loss of his sister, to whom he was deeply attached, and at whose death the Queen sent many kind expressions of sympathy. This bereavement is said to have altered CASTELAR'S whole nature, converting him into a melancholy, reserved man.

—DWIGHT L. MOODY, the well-known evangelist, is growing gray and portly in these later years of his useful life, but his aptness of metaphor and the force with which he is in the habit of driving home unpalatable truths have not diminished. He seems to work just as hard as ever, too, and his schools at Northfield, Massachusetts, and his mission at Chicago do not keep him from filling appointments for longer or shorter periods in different parts of the country.

—A laboratory for the free treatment of patients suffering from hydrophobia is soon to be opened at 178 East Tenth Street, in this city, by Dr. PAUL GIBIER, a professor of pathology at the Paris Museum of Natural History, and a collaborator of PASTEUR and other distinguished scientists. He is one of the greatest of experts in hydrophobia, and has also made especial studies of the yellow-fever and cholera. His laboratory here will be patterned after the one in Paris.

—Miss SUSANNA WARFIELD, who composed the grand inaugural march which was rendered at the inauguration of President WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, forty-eight years ago, has just died at her home near Sykesville, Maryland. She was ninety-five years old.

—Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY celebrated her seventieth birthday at Washington in a characteristic manner the other day. After holding an all-day reception, during which many friends called upon her to express their congratulations, she attended a banquet given in her honor, where about two hundred and fifty people sat down. Miss ANTHONY escorted Senator BLAIR to dinner and placed him at her right, while Dr. ROBERT PURVIS, of Pennsylvania, a colored man, sat at her left. The tables were prettily decorated with flowers, and there were many good things to eat. After the feasting there were poems and responses to toasts, among those who contributed being PHŒBE COUSINS, HARRIET HOSMER, Rev. ANNA H. SHAW, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER, MARY WRIGHT SEWELL, LAURA ORMISTON CHANT, of England, and Miss ANTHONY herself. Miss ANTHONY wore a trained gown of garnet, with lace at the neck and shoulders, and looked as bright and happy as the occasion required.

SIGHT-SEEING ABROAD—THE VENUS OF MILO, IN THE LOUVRE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

"'DON'T SHOOT,' RAYBURN CRIED QUICKLY; AND IN OBEDIENCE TO THIS ORDER YOUNG SLOWLY DROPPED THE RIFLE FROM HIS SHOULDER."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXI.—THE WALLED CITY OF CULHAUCAN.

OUR use in turn of the field-glass was a mysterious performance that aroused keenly the barge-master's curiosity. I heard him ask Tizoc for an explanation of it; and Tizoc, who also was much interested, referred his question to me. Had I been dealing with Tizoc alone I should have tried to make the matter clear to him; but in the case of the barge-master, whose feeling toward us I was convinced was anything but friendly, I thought it wiser to be less frank. Therefore, covering the action with a negligent motion of my hand, I screwed the glasses close together, so that in looking through them there was to be seen only a mass of indistinct objects looming up in a blurred cloud of light, and so handed them to him. Naturally, neither he nor Tizoc arrived at any very satisfactory conclusion in regard to the real use of them; and from their talk it was evident that they conceived the ceremony in which we had engaged in turn so earnestly to be in the nature of a prayer to our gods. Fray Antonio was both shocked and pained by their taking this view of the matter, and was for making a true explanation to them; but at my urgent request he held his peace. Yet it was evident that he brooded over the matter in his mind, and so was led to earnest thoughts of the mission that had brought him hither into the valley of Aztlan. Therefore was I not surprised—though I certainly was alarmed by the thought of what might be its consequences—when presently, in low and gentle tones, he began to speak to those about him of the free and glorious Christian faith, which in all ways was more excellent than the cruel idolatry in which they were bound. Naturally, he was not permitted long to speak in this strain; for the barge-master speedily ordered him in most peremptory tones to keep silence—which order doubtless would have been still more quickly given had not the officer been fairly surprised by Fray Antonio's temerity into momentary forgetfulness of the dangerous outcome of this gentle talk. And Fray Antonio, knowing the value of the word in season that is dropped to fructify in soil ready for it, did not attempt argument with the barge-master—by which the thoughts of those who listened would have been diverted from the hopeful promise of a better faith that he had offered to them—but obeyed the order meekly and so held his peace. That what he had spoken had taken hold upon the hearts of some at least among his hearers, I was well assured by their grave look of thoughtfulness; and especially did Tizoc seem to be deeply moved. But—as I supposed, for fear of the barge-master—there was no open comment upon what had passed.

By this time, the barge being all the while urged rapidly forward by the steady strokes of the twenty oarsmen, the city rose so broadly and so openly before us that we could see the whole of it distinctly with our naked eyes. And what at this nearer view seemed most impressive about it was its gloominess; that was due not less to the prison-like effect of its heavily built houses and its massive walls than to the dull blackness of the stone whereof these same were made. Nowhere was there sparkle, or glitter, or bright color, or brightness of any sort to be seen; and it seemed to me as I gazed upon this sombre stronghold that dwelling always within it well enough might wear a man's heart out with a consuming melancholy begotten of its cold and cheerless tones.

That it was indeed a stronghold was the more apparent to us the nearer that we came to it. The plan of it was that of a great fan, spread open upon the hill-side, and extending also across the broad sweep of level land between the base of the promontory and the lake. The promontory had been so cut and shaped that its gentle slope had been transformed into six broad semicircular terraces, above the highest of which was a semicircular plateau of very considerable size, on which stood the Treasure-House, that also was the great temple. Along the face of each terrace, and around the face also of the plateau, a heavy defensive wall rose to a height of twenty feet or more; and from the base of the crowning plateau, thence accessible by a single broad flight of stairs—being led through openings in the rampart walls of the terraces, and down each terrace face by means of stairways—twelve streets descended: of which the central six ended at the water-side and the remainder against the great outer wall. It was this outer line of strong defence that gave the city—which otherwise would have corresponded curiously closely with the fortified city of Quetzaltepec, described by the Mexican chronicler Tezozomoc—its most distinctive characteristic. Such a vastly thick wall, for the great length of it, as this was I never have seen in any other place; and so solid was the building of it that it would have been proof against any ordinary train of siege artillery. For defence against a foe whose only missile weapons would be javelins and slings and bows, this great wall made the city absolutely impregnable. And that the protection that it gave might be still more complete—and also, as Tizoc explained to us, that in the case of siege the water supply might be assured, together with a supply of fish for food—the wall was carried out into the lake so far as to enclose a basin of more than four acres in extent; within which, should an enemy gain access to the valley, all the boats upon the lake could be brought together and held in safety. And, finally, the one entrance to the city was by way of a tunnel-like canal cut in the wall thus rising from the water; the outer end of which canal was closed in ordinary times by a heavy grating, while in war time the inner end also could be closed by means of great metal bars.

It was toward this entrance that the barge that carried us was heading. Presently we reached it, and the grating was raised for our admission by means of chains which were operated from the top of the wall. So low and so narrow was the passage that our heads were within a few inches of the huge slabs of stone of which its roof was formed, and the rowers had need to unstep the mast, and then to lay their oars inboard, while they brought the barge through by pushing with their hands against the roof and sides. The canal was fully forty feet long, and thus the enormous thickness of the wall was made apparent to us. It truly was, as I observed to Rayburn, a work that well might be attributed to the Cyclops.

"I never met a live Cyclop, Professor," Rayburn answered, "and I don't believe that these fellows ever did either; but it bothers me to know how they managed to do work like this without a steam-derrick. If we get out of here with whole skins and our hair on our heads, I hope it won't be until I've had a chance to talk to some of their engineers and so get down to the facts."

A moment later we emerged from the tunnel through the wall, and so entered the enclosed basin that extended along the whole of the city's front. Within the basin were lying many canoes, and also boats of a larger sort that carried oars and that were rigged with a sort of lug-sail; but these all kept away from us, even as all the boats which we had seen during our passage of the lake had given us a wide berth. That our barge—one of those employed exclusively in the Priest Captain's service—was thus shunned was due, as I found later, to the wholesome dread in which the special servitors of the temple and of its head universally were held. For these very frequently abused the authority acquired through their semi-sacerdotal functions by using it as a cloak to cover acts of purely personal oppression; while at all

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times they were feared as the executors of their master's wrath. There was, indeed (though I did not mention this fact to Fray Antonio), a curiously close resemblance between the officials of this class and the familiars of the Inquisition, both in the duties which they performed and in the fear and hatred which they everywhere inspired.

But even dread of entanglement with the Priest Captain's servants could not restrain the curiosity of the crowd that pressed toward us upon the broad pier upon which we disembarked. It was evident that this crowd was not made up of the common folk of the city, and also that it was moved by a purpose far higher than that of a mere idle longing to see something that was strange. From their dress, and still more from the beauty of their ornaments and the elegance of the arms which many of them carried, it was obvious that for the most part these men were citizens of the highest rank; and this fact was still farther attested by the dignity of their demeanor and by the reverent age to which the majority of them had attained. So far from manifesting any vulgar excitement, the crowd maintained an absolute silence; and with this an exterior air of calm that was the more impressive because the eager, almost awe-struck expression upon every face showed how strong was the emotion that thus strongly was restrained. But when El Sabio, after much coaxing, crossed the gang plank between the boat and the pier, and so came to where he could be seen of all plainly, there was a curious low sound in the air, as though all at once every man in the crowd had heaved a sigh; and the sound swelled into a loud murmur as Pablo, in obedience to a quick order that I gave him in Spanish, briskly mounted upon the ass's back. In this murmur only one word was intelligible, and that I caught again and again: the prophecy!

But Pablo was no more than fairly seated upon El Sabio's back than the officer in command of our guard took him roughly by the shoulders and snatched him thence to the ground again; which act led Tizoc and me to a quick exchange of startled glances, for it showed very plainly that the Priest Captain—to whom the messenger telling of our coming into the valley had been sent before any of these people had seen Pablo mounted upon El Sabio's back—had anticipated this sign of the fulfilment of the prophecy and had given orders to prevent it. Luckily, the quickness with which Pablo had executed my quick order to mount had saved the day for us; and even more than saved it, for as we passed through the crowd, on our way from the water-side into the city, I caught here and there fragments of comment upon what had just passed, which showed that not only was the sign told of in the prophecy recognized, but that the effort on the part of the officer to neutralize it was understood.

But before our going into the city there was a stirring conflict of authority concerning us between the temporal and the spiritual powers. We were no more than fairly landed, indeed, when an officer addressed the barge-master, who continued in charge of our party, and gave him a formal order to bring the strangers directly before the Council of the Twenty Lords. And to this the barge-master replied that he already was under orders to bring the prisoners, immediately upon their landing, before the Priest Captain—and there was something both curious and ominous, it struck me, in the marked manner in which the term "strangers" was employed by one of these men and the term "prisoners" by the other.

At this juncture we had further proof of the foresight of the Priest Captain, and of the determined stand that he was prepared to make rather than to suffer the miscarriage of his plans. While the barge-master and the messenger from the Council still were engaged in hot talk as to which of the two conflicting orders should be recognized, there was a sound of tramping feet and of arms clanking; and then a body of fully one hundred soldiers came quickly out from behind a house that was near by the water-side and swept down on a double-quick to where we were standing at the end of the pier. The crowd, jostled aside to make way for the passage of the soldiers, evidently regarded them with astonishment; and this astonishment rapidly changed to anger as the purpose that brought them thither was made plain. In a moment they had closed in around us—separating us from the Council's messenger and from Tizoc; the barge-master placed himself at the head of them, and in sharp, quick tones gave the order to march; and the whole force, with ourselves in the centre of it, went off the pier at a round pace, and thence along a street that led toward the city's heart. Evidently acting under orders, the men broke their platoons and closed in around us; and I was well convinced that this unsoldierly marching was adopted to the end that El Sabio might not be seen.

Fray Antonio agreed with me that the Priest Captain was carrying matters with a dangerously high hand in thus opposing the will of the Council with armed force. This act of his, if Tizoc had correctly represented to us the excited condition of popular feeling, was quite sufficient in itself to stir into violent activity the slumbering fires of mutiny. But whether the revolt, that we now believed must surely come, would come in time to be of service to ourselves, we could not but look upon as a very open question.

"If this old scoundrel is as sharp as he seems to be," Rayburn said, "and if he keeps things up in the way he's begun, it's about all day with us. His play should be to get rid of us as quick as he can manage it; and I should judge, from the cards that he's put down, that that's precisely the way he means to manage the game. It's not much comfort to us to know that after he's cleaned us out somebody else will rake his pile."

As we talked, we went on rapidly through the city; and even the danger that we were in, and the excitement that attended this sudden shifting of our fortunes, could not prevent me from studying with a lively curiosity the many evidences of an advanced civilization that I beheld. The plan of the city, as I had discerned whilst we were approaching it, was that of a wide-open fan. From the Treasure-House, on the height in the centre, twelve broad streets radiated outward, of which three on the northern side and three on the southern ended against the great enclosing wall, and six came down, through openings in the walls along the several terraces, directly to the water-front. All of these streets were well paved with large smooth blocks of stone, and were led up the faces of the terraces by wide and easy stairs. The transverse streets were true semicircles, starting from and ending at the face of the cliff, and were carried along the outer edges of the terraces just inside their facing walls. Rayburn was even more astonished than I was by the exactness with which these great semicircles were laid off; for he apprehended, as I did not, the difficulty attendant upon running a line in a true and regular curve. But I am not prepared to say that this work could not have been accomplished by mere rule of thumb. My friend Bandelier, in the course of his admirable analysis of the ruins at Mitla, has made clear to me how easy it is to attribute to scientific knowledge work that is the result only of manual skill. As I have pointed out in my discussion of this matter in my *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America*, the plateau at the top of this range of terraces easily might have been laid off in a true semicircle by the simple means of a pointed stick at the end of a long rope; and from the true line thus established the line of the terrace below it could have been had—and so on down to the lowest terrace of all.

There could be no doubt, however, that engineering skill of a high order—howsoever crude might have been the actual method of its application—was exhibited both in the preparation of the site, and then in the city's building. On the site alone an almost incredible amount of labor had been expended; for the rocky promontory—that primitively, as the result showed, had been broken and irregular—had been so cut away in some places, and so filled-in in others, and the whole of it had been so carefully trimmed and smoothed, that in the end it became a huge mass of rock-work in the regularity of which there was not perceptible the smallest flaw. And in this preliminary work, as well as in the building of the houses afterward, fragments of stone were used of such enormous size that the moving of them, Rayburn declared, would be almost impossible even with the most powerful engineering appliances of our own time. Nor was the use of these huge pieces of stone confined to the foundations of the houses. Some of them were high above the ground; indeed, the very largest that we observed—the weight of which Rayburn estimated at not less than twenty tons—was a single block that made the entire top course of a high wall.

All of the stone-work was well smoothed and squared, and while the exteriors of the houses were entirely plain we could see through the open doorways that the interiors of many of them were enriched with carvings. All were destitute of windows opening upon the street; and their dull black exteriors and the dull black of the stones with which the streets were paved gave a dark and melancholy air to the city, that oppressed us even more heavily when thus seen closely than it had when we beheld it from afar off. Yet the interior court-yards, so far as we could tell from the glimpses that we had of them through open doorways, were bright with sunshine and gay with flowers—thus showing that the gloom of these dwellings did not extend beyond their outer walls. I observed with much interest that the provision for closing the entrances from the street was not swinging doors of wood, but either metal bars—such as we had seen in Tizoc's house—or else a metal grating that was arranged like a portcullis to slide up and down in a groove; and I attributed the absence of wooden doors less to a desire for stronger barriers than to the comparative recentness of the acquisition of the knowledge of woodworking tools. Here, I thought, was a curious instance of development along the lines of greatest resistance; for in itself the invention and the making of a swinging door of wood was a much easier matter than was the invention and the making of these finely wrought sliding doors of hardened gold.

As for Young, the sight of all this goldwork quite took his breath away. "It regularly jolts me, Professor," he said, "t' see th' genuine stuff, that's good t' make gold dollars out of, slung around this way. A front door of solid gold is a huckleberry above Jay Gould's biggest persimmon; and as t' Solomon, these fellows just lay Solomon out cold—regularly down th' old man an' sit on him. Why, just for that one front door, of th' big house ahead of us, I'd sell out all my shares in this treasure hunt, an' be glad to do it. But I guess I'd have to hire Samson—who was in that line of business—t' carry it off for me. It must weigh a solid ton."

By this time we had mounted all of the terraces, and the house toward which Young pointed as he spoke was built directly beneath the crowning plateau on which the great temple stood. It was the largest and by far the most elegant house that we yet had seen, and the sliding grating of gold that closed the entrance was unusually heavy and very beautifully wrought. Sentinels were stationed here, wearing the same uniform as that of the soldiers who formed our guard; and this further indication of the importance of the building gave us the impression that it was the dwelling of some great dignitary. Close by the portal we were halted, while the commander of our guard spoke through the grating to some one inside. A moment later the grating was slowly raised, and we were marched through the narrow entrance, and so along a short passageway, into a long narrow chamber that obviously was a guard-room; for spears and javelins were ranged in orderly fashion upon racks, and swords and shields and bows and quivers of arrows were hung upon the walls. Here we were halted again; and while we stood silent together, wondering what might be in store for us in this place, we heard the heavy grating behind us close with a dull clang.

XXII.—THE OUTBREAK OF REVOLUTION.

So dismal was this sound, and so many were the dismal possibilities that it suggested, that as I heard it a cold chill went down into my heart; and I was glad enough that we at once were led forth from the guard-room, and that in consideration of matters of immediate moment my mind was diverted from dwelling drearily upon a future that seemed full of gloom.

For all the brilliant blaze of sunlight that brightened the large court-yard into which we were conducted, there was about it a curious coldness and cheerlessness. As in the case of all the other houses which we had observed, the stone-work of the walls and of the pavement was a dull black; but here there were no flowers, nor bright-colored hangings over the inner doors, nor brightness of any sort or kind. The carving of the stone was extraordinarily rich, to be sure; but the bass-reliefs which covered the walls were wholly of a gloomy sort—being for the most part representations of the slaughter of men in sacrifice, and the tearing of hearts out—so that the sight of them made me shiver notwithstanding the warmth of the sun. From the centre of the court-yard a broad stairway ascended to the plateau above on which the temple stood; and this direct way of communicating with it led me to the conclusion that the building was a dependency of the temple, and that, very likely, the higher members of the priesthood were housed here.

However, little time was given for looking around us, for our guard hurried us—El Sabio following close at Pablo's heels—across the court-yard to a doorway at its further side, before which hung in heavy folds a curtain of some sort of thick black cloth. Across this entrance the guard was drawn up in orderly ranks behind us; and then the barge-master, who had preserved absolute silence toward us since our march through the city began, held aside the curtain and silently motioned to us to enter.

From the bright sunshine we passed at a step into a chamber so shadowy that we involuntarily stopped on the threshold in order that our eyes might become accustomed to the semi-darkness before we advanced. The only light that entered it came through two narrow slits in the thick wall above the portal that we had just passed; and the glimmer diffused by the thin rays thus admitted was in great part absorbed by the black draperies with which everywhere the room was hung. As our eyes adjusted themselves to these gloomy conditions we perceived that we were in a hall of great size; and presently we were able to distinguish objects clearly enough to see that at the far end of it was a raised dais having a sort of throne upon it: but not until, being urged forward by the officer, we had traversed more than half the length of the hall did we discern upon the throne the shadowy figure of a man.

Being come close to the dais, the officer halted us by a gesture; but no word was spoken, and for several minutes we stood in the semi-darkness of that strange place in absolute silence. For myself, I must confess that I was somewhat awed by my surroundings and by the impassive silence and stillness that the dimly seen figure upon the throne maintained, and I am sure that Fray Antonio's imaginative nature was similarly impressed; as for Pablo, I distinctly heard his teeth chattering in the dark. But neither Rayburn nor Young, as the latter would have expressed it, awed easily; and it was Rayburn who presently spoke.

"This fellow in the big chair would be a good hand at private theatricals. He's got a first-rate notion of stage effect. Hadn't I better stick a pin in him and wake him up?"

"There's no good in stickin' pins into *him*," said Young, in a tone of great contempt. "What's th' matter with him is, he's not real at all. He's stuffed."

There was something so delightfully incongruous in these comments that they acted instantly upon my over-strained nerves, and I burst into a laugh, in which the other two immediately joined. Evidently this was not at all the effect that this carefully arranged reception was intended to have upon us; for the seated figure started suddenly and uttered an angry exclamation, and at the same time gave a quick order to the officer.

"I take it all back," said Young. "He isn't stuffed. I guess he was only asleep."

As Young spoke, there was a slight rustle of draperies; and in a moment the curtains which had veiled four great windows in the four sides of the hall were pulled aside, and the darkness vanished in a sudden blaze of light. While we shaded our eyes for some seconds, Rayburn said, with great decision: "This settles it. He must have been in the show business all his life."

But the man whom we now saw clearly did not look like a show-man. He was a very old man, lean and shrivelled, his brown skin so wrinkled that his face looked like some sort of curiously withered nut. Yet there was a wonderful sinewiness about him, and a most extraordinary brightness in his eyes. His face was of the strong, heavy type that is found in the figures carved on the ruins in Yucatan; a much stronger type than I have observed anywhere among the Mexican Indians of the present day. His dress was a long, flowing robe of white cotton cloth caught over his left shoulder with a broad gold clasp and richly embroidered with shining green feathers; and shining green feathers were bound into his hair and rose above his head in a tall plume. His sandal-moccasins (for the covering of his feet was between these two) repeated the sacred combination of colors, green and white; and on his breast, falling from his neck, were several richly wrought gold chains. Even apart from his stately surroundings, his dress—and especially the shining green feathers which were so conspicuous a part of it—would have informed me that this man was a priest of very exalted rank; and the conditions of our presentation to him assured me that he was none other than the Priest Captain, Itzacoatl. And I may add that if ever a high dignitary of a heathen religion was in a rage, Itzacoatl was in a rage at that particular moment. Young's comment lacked reverence, but it was to the point: "Well, he *has* got his back up, for sure!"

With an alertness that was astonishing in one of his years, Itzacoatl rose quickly from the throne; and as he pointed to us with a commanding gesture, he asked sharply why we had been allowed to retain our arms, and ordered them to be taken away from us: which order troubled us greatly, and also occasioned us a very lively surprise. As for the barge-master, he evidently was greatly puzzled by it; for, according to his notions, we were not armed. He did not venture to reply, but his uncertainty as to the duty that was expected of him was apparent in his hopeless look of entire bewilderment. It seemed to me that for a moment the Priest Captain was slightly confused, as though he recognized the incongruity between his own knowledge in this matter and his officer's ignorance; and, in explaining his order, he took occasion to refer to the superior knowledge with which he was endowed by the gods. Fray Antonio and I glanced at each other doubtingly as he spoke, for this explanation struck us as being decidedly forced. The gods of the ancient Mexicans pre-eminently were war gods, but they certainly were not likely to have any very extended knowledge of Winchester rifles and self-cocking revolvers.

However, when the officer comprehended what was required of him he was prompt enough in his actions. Without any ceremony at all he laid hands on Young's rifle, that was hanging by its strap on his shoulder, and endeavored to take it away from him. This was a line of action that the Lost-freight Agent by no means was inclined to submit to. Without any assistance he unslung the rifle; cocked it as he jumped back half a dozen steps, and then raised it to his shoulder with his finger on the trigger and the muzzle fairly levelled at the officer's heart. "Shall I down him?" he asked.

"Don't shoot," Rayburn cried quickly; and in obedience to this order Young slowly dropped the rifle from his shoulder, yet held it ready for action in his hands. The perfect calmness of the officer through this exciting episode afforded the most convincing proof that fire-arms were wholly unknown to him. And the conduct of the Priest Captain afforded equally convincing proof that he not only understood the nature of fire-arms, but that he was very much afraid of them; for at the moment that Young made his offensive demonstration he very precipitately sheltered himself by crouching behind the throne!

"Don't shoot," Rayburn repeated. "We may have a chance to pull through if we don't rile these fellows; but if we go to killing any of them now it's all day with us for sure. We'd better let 'em have our guns; but there's something mighty odd in their having found out all of a sudden what a gun is."

Very reluctantly Young surrendered his rifle to the officer; who looked at it contemptuously, as though he considered it but a poor sort of weapon in case real fighting was to be done. In turn the rest of us gave up our rifles also; and we were mightily pleased because the officer did not attempt to take our revolvers away from us. But in

this our satisfaction was short-lived, for the Priest Captain quickly ordered the officer to relieve us of them, and of our cartridge belts as well. Nor was it until we had been thus entirely disarmed that he arose from his undignified position and resumed his seat upon the throne.

While the disagreeable process of disarming us was going on I spoke to Fray Antonio of the curious possibilities suggested by the knowledge of fire-arms which the Priest Captain, alone among all the Aztlanecas, so obviously possessed; and he, in reply, bade me remember what Tizoc had told us of the use that Itzacoatl made of wax matches in lighting the sacred fire. "Can it possibly be, then, that he is in communication with the outside world?" I exclaimed.

As I uttered these words I glanced at Itzacoatl, and the expression on his face was that of one who listens intently and who is greatly enraged by what he hears. At the same moment Rayburn cried: "That man understands Spanish. He is listening to you!"

Doubtless some sort of an explanation would have followed this strange discovery, for that we had made it was very obvious, but at that moment a man—seemingly, from his dress, a priest of high rank—came into the hall hurriedly and very earnestly delivered a communication to Itzacoatl in low, excited tones. That the substance of this communication was highly disagreeable to him was shown by his manner of receiving it; and for a moment he slightly hesitated, as though very grave consequences might attend upon the decision that he then made. But it was for a moment only that he stood in doubt. Then he called the barge-master to him and gave some order in a low voice; and then, accompanied by the priest, went out rapidly from the hall.

Evidently in obedience to the order that he had received, the barge-master bade us follow him; and so led us into the court-yard again. Young proposed, since we had only this one man to deal with, that we should make short work of him and so get back our arms—which remained where he had placed them, in a pile beside the throne. But Rayburn's more prudent counsel overcame this tempting proposition. As he pointed out, the promptness with which the curtains had been pulled back showed that attendants of some sort were close at hand; and in addition to these we knew that the guard of soldiers was just outside of the entrance to the hall. It was certain, therefore, that we could not regain our arms without immediately using them in very active fighting—and, no matter how well we fought, under these conditions we must certainly be defeated in the end. All of which was so just and so reasonable that Young could not in any wise gainsay its propriety; but he was in a very ill humor at being restrained from the pleasure of "havin' it out with 'em," as he grumblingly declared, and as we passed forth into the court-yard he relieved his mind by swearing most vigorously.

For my part, even the peril that we were in did not suffice to distract my mind from curious consideration of the strange state of affairs that existed among the folk dwelling in this hidden valley if our surmise in regard to the Priest Captain's knowledge of the outer world should prove to be well-founded—and unless it were well-founded there seemed to be no possible way by which to account for his possession of friction matches, his acquaintance with fire-arms, and his knowledge of the Spanish tongue. The implication was unavoidable that this extraordinary man actually had a more or less complete knowledge of the powers and appliances of the nineteenth century; and that he was using his nineteenth century knowledge to maintain his supremacy over a people whose civilization was about on a par with that of European communities of a thousand years ago. From the stand-point of the ethnologist, a more interesting situation than the one thus developed could not possibly be devised. What I most longed for was the establishment of such friendly relations with Itzacoatl that I could carry out a systematized series of scientific investigations among the Aztlanecas before the impending crash of discovery came; and my keenest regret at that moment was caused by the conviction that the incapacity of Itzacoatl to understand the value of scientific inquiry into such curious ethnologic facts would result in his mere vulgar killing of me—whereby a precious store of knowledge would be withheld from the world at large.

As we came out into the court-yard we heard the sound of voices, which seemed to be raised in angry altercation, coming from the direction of the main entrance, with which there was also a slight clinking sound, as of arms being got in readiness; and, much further away, the sound seemingly coming from a distant quarter of the city, the tapping of a drum. When we first had crossed the court-yard it had been entirely deserted; but now many priests and soldiers were standing in groups about it, and more were coming down the stair from the temple; and all of these men had a look of eager alertness, as though some decisive event were imminent in which they expected to have a part. But we had only a moment in which to observe all this, for we were hurried away toward the corner of the building that was most remote from the street, and here, before I well could understand what was being done with me, I was thrust so suddenly and so violently through a narrow doorway that I fell heavily upon the floor. Before I could regain my feet, Young had tumbled down on top of me, and then the others tumbled in on top of us both—they having been in the same rude fashion injected in the apartment; and while we thus were lying in a heap together—my own body being undermost, having the breath wellnigh squeezed out of it—we heard the rattle of metal upon stone as the doorway was quickly closed with heavy bars.

We struggled to our feet in nearly total darkness—for outside the bars a curtain had been dropped that shut off almost wholly the light of day—and I am confident that no one room ever contained two angrier people than Rayburn and Young were then; for their very strength and hardihood made them the more ragingly resent being thus tumbled about as though they were bales or boxes rather than men. Rayburn's language was not open to the charge of weakness; but the words in which Young gave vent to his feelings were so startlingly vigorous that even a Wyoming cow-boy would have been surprised by them; yet I must confess that at the moment—so greatly was my own anger aroused—I thought his observations exceedingly appropriate to the occasion that called them forth, and I even was disposed to envy him the command of a technical vocabulary that enabled him to express so adequately his righteous wrath. However, I was for once well pleased that Fray Antonio did not understand English.

But our anger quickly was swallowed up in anxious grief as we discovered, when our eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the very faint light, that only we four were in the room together; and a great dread fell upon us because of the imminent peril to Pablo which this separation of him from the rest of us implied. Assuredly, there was strong reason why he should be an especial object of Itzacoatl's fear and hatred. He and El Sabio together were the visible sign which told that the prophecy touching the Priest Captain's downfall was about to be fulfilled; and, more than this, Pablo's simple statement of the condition of affairs among the modern Mexicans—showing that the crisis in their fate that Chaltzantzin had foretold, and for which he had so well prepared, long since had come and gone—would be far more convincing to the masses of the Aztlanecas than would be any exhibition of these same facts that we could make to them: for we were aliens among them, while Pablo was of their own race and class. That we all were like to be done to death by this barbarous theocrat we did not for a moment doubt; but it was plain enough that every motive of self-interest must prompt him to put Pablo and the poor ass most summarily out of the way. And as the logic of these facts irresistibly presented itself in my mind, a keen and heavy sorrow overcame me: for I could not shirk the conviction that, whoever might strike the blow that killed him, I myself was the cause of this poor boy's death. Fray Antonio could not see my face in that shadowy prison; yet his fine nature divined the pain that I suffered and the cause of it, and he sought to comfort me with his sympathy. He did not speak, but he came close beside me and tenderly laid his hand upon my shoulder; and his loving touch, telling of his sorrow for me and with me, did bring a little cheer into my heavy heart.

Meanwhile the commotion outside increased greatly, and even through the thick folds of the curtain we could hear plainly the clanking of arms, and the heavy tread of men, and sharply given words of command. We pressed close to the bars and tried to push the curtain aside that we might see out into the court-yard; but the bars were so near together that our hands would not pass between them, and we therefore could gather only from the sounds which we heard what was going on outside. But the sounds were unmistakable. There could be no doubt whatever that a vigorous assault upon the building was in progress, and that those within it vigorously were defending it; and we knew that the cause of the fighting certainly must be ourselves. Already, it would seem, the prophecy of the Priest Captain's downfall was assuming a tangible reality; for this rising in arms against him could mean nothing less than that his high-handed refusal to permit us to be carried before the Council of the Twenty Lords had fairly brought matters to a crisis, and that the long-threatened revolution actually had been begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIGHT-SEEING ABROAD.

THE VENUS OF MILO.

"I HAD not been ten minutes in the place before I fell in love with the most beautiful creature the world had ever seen. She was standing, silent and majestic, in the centre of one of the rooms of the statue gallery, and the very first glimpse of her struck one breathless with the sense of beauty.... She may be two-and-thirty, and she was born about two thousand years ago." So wrote Clive Newcome to Pendennis from Paris in 183-. The place was the Louvre; "the creature silent and majestic," the Venus of Milo.

To-day the Venus of Milo has changed somewhat her position, and this in a double sense. As Thackeray saw her she was in the centre of a gallery. Now she stands, superb, majestic, at one end of a gallery, and her only rival, the Venus of Vienne, is in place at the other end. Her pose was more perpendicular in Clive's time than it is now. When, during the war with Germany, Paris was besieged, and there was the chance that a shell might shatter the greatest statue in the world—which is this Venus of Milo—she was buried. When she was exhumed, and a careful study made of the base on which she stood, it became evident that the position as the sculptor had willed it should give her more of an inclination to one side, and so she stands to-day, and, if it were possible, with increase of dignity.

This statue has made an epoch in art, purifying and elevating it. Modern reproductions in bronze and plaster are found all over the United States; for of the works made by human hands, she alone fills every artistic requirement. Rescued from partial oblivion sixty-nine years ago, it is not likely that she will ever be again lost to the world.

Speculations as to whether she stood alone or formed one of a group need not be here discussed, nor is it worth while to argue whether in the hand which once existed an apple or a shield was held. As she stands, armless, she is sufficient, and her mutilation is barely appreciated.

Mr. Reinhart, in his happy sketch, draws his scene in unison with the effect this statue imposes on those who look at her. Sightseers, with guide-books in their hands, may refresh their minds with a name, a date; but the printed page serves but for the instant, and then the greatest work of art rivets their attention. Perhaps the feeling of astonishment is the one least developed in those who see the Venus of Milo for the first time. Awe there is, with some undefined emotion akin to reverence. The young man near the railing is absorbed. He feels the grandeur of that woman the old Greek has made. Right back of him, separated by the width of the pedestal and the rail, there is the head of a young woman, thrown in apparently by the artist without much premeditation, but which shows Mr. Reinhart's cleverness. It is a little face lost in admiration, for the girl tries at a single glance to take in the whole of the august figure. The woman with the book, whose own pose is so perfect, will have impressed on that thoughtful brain of hers a remembrance of her Greek sister which will never be forgotten.

MAKING A LANDING BY SEARCH-LIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

NOT sometimes but always recent discoveries in science or their applications are used first as common conveniences before they are adopted for military or naval purposes. Electric motors and storage batteries will be thoroughly tested by various transportation companies, the advantages or disadvantages studied and compared with other methods of creating power, before they will be taken into general use by the navy. The search-light, which is so important as a means of defence for a ship of war, was long in use by the merchant steamer before it was taken by the navies of the world.

The point has been disputed whether the use of the search-light on the ocean steamer was not anticipated by the Mississippi steamer. As to the conveniences derivable from the search-light for a steamer on the great river they are conspicuous. The craft that travel up and down the Father of Waters are peripatetic—this to be understood in the sense that though there be regular landings, there are many which are not. Some of these boats are of the most accommodating kind, and will, if the river permits of it, stop, and take on or let off a single passenger, and will pick up freight all along the long route.

It is the necessities of landing which call into use the search-light, and electric illumination for this purpose is likely to be much increased. The people on the land do not always know when the steam-boat intends hauling into their shore. Conveniences such as of docks or wharves are not common. The loud whistle is often the first announcement at night of the arrival of the steam-boat. It would be impossible to make a landing of a dark night without the search-light. In an instant the carbon pencils, brought up to the highest state of incandescence by means of the interrupted electric fluid, have their intensity focussed by a mirror on one exact point, and a brilliant gleam of light streams across the horizon. The light, as it were, drills its way through the murky gloom. The houses on the shore, the low wharf, the coal or the wood shed, the thickets of trees in the background, are held in the glare of the electric beams. The mimic sun sends forth its radiations. It is not as much the whistle that wakes up the ears of "the Coast," as it is their eyes. There is nothing that startles a sleeping man so strangely as an electric light thrown suddenly on him. Then the town bestirs itself, and, just as Mr. Graham has drawn it, the fifty or a hundred people rush down to the water side.

The search-light is under charge of the pilot. A simple mechanism makes the connection between the dynamo and the wires, and the pilot not only puts in the light, but can turn the apparatus in any direction at his pleasure. In the illustration there is an old gentleman and a lad who are to make a landing. The "rustler" is ready to give the baggage the advantage of the roughest kind of handling. The old colored woman, the stewardess, who always is the kindest, politest of servants, is there too to bid her passengers good by.

It may be said that river life is not as eventful as it was in the times that are past. The Mississippi is, however, the great natural artery, and on its turbid waters there will always be carried a vast amount of freight. The build of the boats that thrash its waters, the character of their officers and men, differ from those of other days, and the present is all the better for the changes made. Quick to appreciate any advantages, those whose interests lie in steam-boats plying on "The River" the search-light is likely to be generally used. The huge stream, which never is the same, requires a skilled pilot, and besides the conveniences which the electric light gives when a landing is to be made, floating obstructions and snags are made visible of nights, and so dangers are evaded.

ARMY UNIFORMS IN THE UNITED STATES.

(*Continued from page 156, Supplement.*)

sky-blue with a red stripe. The uniform of the ordnance was the same, except that the stripe on the trousers was blue. The infantry uniform had white edgings and turn-backs, the trousers white stripes, and the plume was of white cock feathers. The turn-backs of the dragoon coats were yellow, as were the stripes on their "blue-gray" trousers. On their cap was a drooping white horse-hair pompon, that of the officers having a strip of red hair.

In 1835 the spread eagle was adopted as the indication of rank on the epaulettes of the colonel. The epaulettes of the major were of silver-lace instead of bullion. All officers who were entitled to epaulettes wore them on both shoulders. Aiguillettes were worn by all general staff officers, except of the engineer and ordnance corps. Shoulder-straps were also introduced.

In 1841 the major-general commanding was permitted to have his cuffs and collar embroidered with gold oak leaves on dark blue cloth. The color of the plume of the adjutant-general was changed to white, and of the inspector-general to green. Three black ostrich feathers were prescribed for the engineers not topographical. The topographical engineers wore black plumes of the same form as those of the general staff.

In 1847 what were the uniforms of the Mexican war were substantially provided for in regulations. Then the army wore the roundabout jacket, the infantry had waist belts, and the pancake forage-cap was introduced. Mounted riflemen were uniformed very like the dragoons, the trousers being edged with yellow cord. Foot riflemen wore dark gray coats and trousers, the seams of the latter being edged with yellow cord. Chevrons were prescribed for all non-commissioned officers. They were precisely as they are now, except those worn by ordnance sergeants, which were not determined until 1857; the point of the angle, however, was up instead of down.

Under the regulations of 1857, buff disappeared from the uniforms of general officers. The collar and cuffs of the coat were dark blue velvet. The designating colors of the different arms were fixed as follows: infantry, sky-blue; mounted riflemen, emerald green; dragoons, orange; cavalry, yellow; artillery, scarlet; engineers, yellow; ordnance, crimson. All trousers, except those of the general officers and staff, which were dark, were sky-blue. Another monstrosity in the way of head covering was invented at this time—the soft dress hat turned up on one side, or with stiff brim, which became very familiar during the war. The infantry color remained sky-blue for several years. Recently the white was restored. From the time of the Mexican war frock-coats, with full skirts, another French invention, have been worn, and the full-dress coats of men and officers during the war of 1861–65 were long-skirted.

The service dress, well remembered, for it is not long out of date, consisted of blouses for the foot and jackets for the cavalry and artillery. Dark blue for coats and light blue for trousers and overcoats are the colors that have been recognized for years. At the present time the chapeau has been readopted for general officers and the staff, but it is a different and a lower hat than that worn by General Scott. None but general officers now wear sashes and epaulettes. Line officers wear shoulder-knots and gilt sword belts. The colors of the various arms and staff departments are as follows: Artillery, scarlet; cavalry, yellow; infantry, white; ordnance, crimson and white; engineer, yellow; quartermaster, buff (a recent adaptation of the old combination of blue and buff); signal corps, orange; and ordnance, scarlet and white. Enlisted men of the cavalry and artillery wear scales. The old forage-cap of the last war was almost as ugly as the dress hat. It was of blue cloth, with an inclined visor, and was so high and stiff that the top fell forward. It was hooked to the visor. Since then the army wears the French képi for fatigue, but it is not so comfortable or smart in appearance as the cap of the French army. After a short experience with a modern shako for a dress hat, the helmet was adopted in the regulations of 1881.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.—Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 166.]

NATIVE LIFE OF NEW GUINEA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 166.]

1. Tree House. 2. Sleeping House. 3. A Native. 4. Marine Village of Supuselia. 5. Chief's House, Supuselia. 6. Chief's House, Oiarri.

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

No citizen of the United States, unless it be the President, is better known than Mr. Chauncey M. Depew; but Mr. Depew's fame is more to be envied, if it is not greater, than most Presidents have enjoyed, for it is blended with a degree of admiration and approbation sufficient to lift him above the partisanship which first creates a President and then makes half the population his critics. It is therefore unjust to Mr. Depew to compare his status before his public with that of a President, or, for that matter, with that of the Prince of Wales in England, or the Emperor in Germany. There is something of insincerity, of self-interest, of hero-worship, of the awe of power, in the elements that constitute the popularity of men who serve or rule a people through public office, while Mr. Depew is liked for what he is. In summing up this consummation—what he is—it has been customary to say of him that he is a typical American: humble in origin, high in development, quick of wit, ready of speech, and democratic in tastes and habits. But perhaps this summary disposal of the matter will not bear analysis, for who knows, in life or history, any other American whose career parallels Mr. Depew's? What other man ever presented so many sides to the people? He has as many pulpits as there are possible speakers in a Quaker meeting. We know him as having been a country boy in moderate circumstances, a lawyer, politician, Assemblyman, and Secretary of State, and now as a rich man in his own right, a trustee of millions in the right of others, a "railroad king," a statesman, a wit, an orator, an after-dinner talker, a churchman, a club-man, and a scholar.

Typical or phenomenal, as you please, he certainly is American. In entering with heart and soul into the spirit of various occasions he may have permitted his hearers to imagine that there was something in his blood to make him kin to all the nationalities—except the Chinese, and possibly the Italian—that go to make up that glorious conglomerate, the American. He has more than poetic license for this, because, though somewhere in his ancestry some burgher bequeathed him a distinctively Dutch face, his earlier forebears were French Huguenots (of those who founded New Rochelle), and his mother, Martha Mitchell, was the granddaughter of the Rev. Josiah Sherman, the brother of Roger Sherman.

He is American to such a degree that he could never hope to be understood in Europe, however popular or influential he might become there. No European public could be expected to "make out" a great railroad president who cracks jokes and tells funny stories; a custodian of millions upon millions of thalers, or francs, or pounds, who laughs and leads cotillons; a spokesman of the dominant party in one of the great powers of the earth, who is in demand as an after-dinner speaker; a statesman who, instead of hiding his thoughts in the elephantine mazes of ponderous diplomatic utterance, says what he thinks, and in a way to enliven his hearers instead of putting them to sleep. Again, in his private and business life he defies the possibilities of European calculation by admitting all humanity to his office and his home. In either place the crank, millionaire, lord, bishop, charity solicitor, reporter, crushed inventor, railroad brakeman, and man out of work are apt to brush elbows. All are equally welcome, and, of necessity, all must make their visits as short as possible.

"What shall I say to the reporters when they ask me about my interview with you?" he once asked a famous European.

"Tell them to go to the deuce," was the reply. "Why should you see them at all?"

"Because it is the custom, and the outgrowth of a public demand," said Mr. Depew. "They interview and report everybody. I like to read about the others, and cannot refuse to contribute something in return."

It would be a hopeless task to try to make the average European comprehend such a man or such conditions.

But the counterfeit presentment of the man that is published on another page of the WEEKLY is so almost instinct with the essence of his personality that this which accompanies it must, if possible, be written to match it. It is a new picture of Mr. Depew, and some news about him should go with it. We all know what he is, but who knows how he came to be that familiar quantity?—how he got upon the ladder by which he has risen?

If there had been no Commodore Vanderbilt, Mr. Depew would have developed upon other lines. It is not necessary to say that he would have been just as conspicuous; indeed, he might have reached equal eminence earlier. But Commodore Vanderbilt found out Mr. Depew's peculiar genius and strength before the public had a chance to, and the public was obliged to wait its turn. Mr. Depew had been admitted to the bar in this State in 1858, at twenty-four years of age. Less than three years later, and again at the succeeding election, he was elected to the Assembly, where he gained such distinction that, though only twenty-seven years old, he became Secretary of State by a majority of 30,000 votes. He had met Commodore Vanderbilt socially before this, and now the acquaintance began to strengthen and deepen. The Commodore called on him, and asked him to return his visits. Wherever they met, the Commodore put shrewd, quick questions to him, and got back just as shrewd answers, just as quickly uttered—a feature of the dialogues that greatly pleased the financier. Thus the social relations between the two came to bear fruit in the way of business for Mr. Depew. He had the power to instantly concentrate his mind upon a given subject to the exclusion of all else. It is a very uncommon and remarkable gift, and has become the key-stone of his greatness. The Commodore had neither time nor patience for the traditional lawyer, who asks to have every matter for his consideration submitted in writing, with a profusion of detail, and who then buries it and himself in an office miles away, to set in force processes as mysterious and as slow as hatching chickens. The Commodore was in the last degree a difficult man to satisfy. He wanted legal advice as men get definitions from a dictionary or griddle-cakes at a restaurant. But it was not merely his lack of patience with the formula of lawyers that made him cling to a man who could dispense with them as Mr. Depew could; the matters he wanted counsel upon were too important, bold, and valuable to the speculative world to be put in writing, and handed about in a law office from lawyer to clerk and clerk to copyist. The great railroad operator avoided this risk of defeat by retaining counsellors who heard him discuss his plans, and then, taking a few notes only, went to their homes or their libraries to study and reflect. But the Commodore never was satisfied until he met Mr. Depew, who settled all his problems one way or the other on the spot; who could return answers as fast as the Commodore could put questions, and that was as fast as a cowboy can shoot, or the reader can snap his fingers.

This remarkable trial of Mr. Depew's more than remarkable faculty was being made by Commodore Vanderbilt during the year that followed the young lawyer's election to the office of Secretary of State. Mr. Depew declined a re-election to that office, declined the offer by W. H. Seward of the post of Minister to Japan, and would have had a chance to decline the honor of being the Collector of this port if President Johnson had not torn up the commission after signing it, because of a quarrel with the Hon. Edwin D. Morgan, who had asked it of him. Commodore Vanderbilt's influence was strong in this eventful juncture in Mr. Depew's career, for the old Commodore had no liking for politics and no patience with men who sought public office. In crowded stages time brought Mr. Depew his thirty-second year, and at that age, in 1866, the founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes appointed him attorney for the Harlem Railroad. His rise in rank as an officer of the Vanderbilt system kept pace with the growth of that gigantic foundation.

With the consolidation of the Harlem and Central roads he became a director of the system and its attorney. Other roads were taken in, and he became a Vice-president. As the ball swelled he who rode on top of it was lifted higher and higher. Before the Commodore died Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt had become attached to and dependent upon Mr. Depew. Next he died, and the world discovered what the Vanderbilts had found out far earlier, that all the while the lawyer had been giving out legal advice he had been imbibing a knowledge of railroading and of financiering. He became the President not of the comparatively little corporation built up by the Commodore, but of the majestic system that includes the Harlem, Hudson River, New York Central, Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Nickel Plate, St. Paul, and West Shore roads. Better yet, he has demonstrated his fitness for the place so plainly that he who rides may read assurance of it.

Few now think of Mr. Depew as a lawyer, yet it is a question whether any consulting attorney in the country attends to anything like the volume of important business that accrues to him in his different relations. It is scarcely a question whether any man outranks him as the custodian of vast sums of money. First as a trustee, and then as a lawyer, having charge of great estates, he has the care of more millions than any other American. Not all the men who know what his responsibilities are can fathom the secret of his method of crowding into such a life all the social and political and public functions he performs. It is customary among the men who see him every day at the Grand Central Depot to dodge the question by calling him a "wizard." But that which distinguishes him in his relations to the world is the same faculty that impressed the first great Vanderbilt—that of focussing his knowledge, his memory, and all his other wits upon one matter after another, each separately and in its order. He never borrows trouble or considers a care till he comes to it. Then he thinks of nothing else, though the matter in hand may be a trifle, and he may know that in another hour the most vexatious difficulty is coming up for discussion.

He is the only man in the world, I suspect, who, having a speech to deliver at night, gives it no thought until he closes his desk at five o'clock on the evening of the event. This is his habit. Shut up in his library from half past five o'clock until half past six or seven o'clock, he emerges to dress himself for the occasion, ready then or at any subsequent moment to deliver a carefully prepared address.

NEW GUINEA.

AMONG the islands of the world New Guinea stands second in size to Australia, of which at one time it has evidently been a part. The geological character of the bottom of the shallow Torres Strait, which, with a width of eighty miles, separates the two islands, shows that it was a connecting isthmus before its submersion, which probably occurred in the Miocene period. New Guinea lies immediately north of Australia, between 0° 25' and 10° 40' south latitude, and between 130° 50' and 150° 35' east longitude. It is 1490 miles long, with a maximum breadth of 430 miles, and its area is 306,000 square miles. In its general configuration it is mountainous, and its coast-line is composed of steep cliffs broken by the swampy deltas of navigable rivers, some of which streams are of considerable size. A barrier reef, with openings that afford a safe harborage for large vessels, lies outside of much of its coast. From its situation, almost directly under the equator, the climate of New Guinea is hot and humid, and on the coast unhealthful. This great region thus far has baffled all attempts by explorers to penetrate it, and, except for a very scanty knowledge concerning its coasts, remains to civilized man an unrevealed tract. Though it is still practically unexplored, the existence of this island is not a recent discovery to navigators, for it is probable that it was sighted by A. Dabreu in 1511. It was apparently first visited either by the Portuguese Dom Jorge de Meneses, driven, on his way from Goa to Ternate in 1526, to take shelter on the northeast coast, or by the Spaniard Alvaro de Saavedra, two years later. By Ortiz de Retez, or Roda, who, in 1546, first laid several points along the north coast, the name of "New Guinea" was probably given to this island. In that century and the two following centuries, though the coast was visited at different times by the illustrious navigators Schouten and Lemaire, Tasman, Dampier, Torres, Bougainville, and Cook, little additional knowledge concerning it was gained.

The remoteness of New Guinea from the usual courses of merchant vessels, the steep cliffs of its coast, the dense forests, and, where the shores are low, the swamps and malarial jungles, together with the treachery and ferocity of its inhabitants, are causes which have rendered it so long a mystery to civilized eyes. While its coast-line is comparatively well mapped, but little more is known of the interior than that it contains high mountain ranges, some of which are visible from the sea, but they have so far proved inaccessible. D'Albertis, the Italian explorer, in 1776-7 steamed in the 10-ton launch *Neva* 500 miles up the Fly River, in the south part of New Guinea. He found the vegetation to be Australian in character, the river-banks low and swampy. As he penetrated the interior of the island he noted that the people were more civilized than those residing upon the coast, but they were warlike and treacherous, sometimes endeavoring to entice his party into ambuscades upon the shore, and several times attacking his launch with fleets of canoes.

Attempts by explorers to push by land into the interior have invariably failed before much progress was accomplished. All observations that have been made confirm the fact that New Guinea is rich in fruit and plant life of many descriptions, that the soil is fertile, the scenery magnificent in many parts, and that the island teems with inhabitants. It is by the great waterways into this island that the most important explorations have been made. By no other way could any part of the interior be as yet safely entered.

But little knowledge of the interior of New Guinea can be obtained from its native peoples, which consist of a great number of isolated tribes, differing much in appearance and language. These communities live at constant feud with one another, and can give little information of tribes beyond the limits of their respective domains. There are a variety of types among the people, the prevailing characteristics of race being those known as the Papuan, which are found especially in the southeast of the island. In this type is found long frizzy hair, which is dressed by its owners into the form of a mop; a skin removed just a shade from black; a prominent aquiline nose, depressed at the point; and protruding lips, which cause the chin to appear to retreat. Leprosy, elephantiasis, itch, and ophthalmia are frequent among the New Guinea natives, and fully a third of them are afflicted with a malignant ringworm caused by a microscopic insect. Among certain coast tribes of the island the intermixture of Arab and Malay blood has produced a fairer type of people, superior to the Papuans; other New Guinea tribes resemble the Polynesians. In the mountainous northern part of New Guinea, at Andai, are the Arfaks, which are described by D'Albertis as a fine, tall, strong people, superior to natives of the coast. The type of the mountain tribes is generally Papuan, and the expression of their countenances is melancholy. Among them, according to this explorer, are albinos; and some tribes have the woolly hair of the genuine negro. Among the natives the level of civilization varies, but it seldom reaches even the average Pacific island standard. They have no single name for New Guinea, nor any idea of its extent, only using terms signifying "great land" to distinguish it from the adjacent islands.

On the west coast there is a semi-civilization, due to intercourse with the Malay and Bughis traders who have settled at various points, and on the west coast Mohammedan teaching has also some civilizing effect. The natives have little religious feeling, but they are superstitious, standing in great fear of evil spirits of the dead. Music is a passion with them, and this characteristic renders them amenable to the influence of the missionaries, but as converts to Christianity they show no warmth of devotion, differing in this respect from the Polynesians. Many of the tribes at the west end of New Guinea are head hunters and cannibals, and, in fact, cannibalism is generally practised among the natives throughout New Guinea. The people display a frequent hostility and mistrust of strangers, which sentiments are perhaps partly caused by slave-hunting raids, to which they have been subjected, and ill-treatment by traders. The mountain tribes are usually despised by their coast neighbors as being ruder and more destitute of resources than themselves; but where the mountain folks are more numerous and fiercer, as in the south of West New Guinea, they repay this feeling with interest, and the coast people live in perpetual terror of their neighbors, who plunder and enslave them. When a tribe gets too strong for its neighbors, they combine to destroy it. Other causes of wars are outrages or insults which under their code must be avenged; or the sudden death of some member of a tribe is ascribed to the witchcraft of an enemy, for no death in New Guinea is believed by the natives to be the result of natural causes. But all these reasons for warfare are really excuses for cannibalism and head hunting.

There is a style of house construction common to all tribes in New Guinea, the peculiarity of which is the building of houses raised from the ground or above the water on piles. Mr. Basil H. Thomson describes the coast villages of the Motu, Saroa, Loyalupu, and other tribes, as being usually built on piles above the shallow water between the coral reef and the shore, from a quarter to half a mile distant from land, as is the case of the village of Supuselia, shown in the accompanying illustrations. This style of architecture is identical with that of the lake dwellers of old, once so common throughout Europe. The house interiors are littered with nets, pots, and the utensils of daily life. They are much crowded, and the frail structures rock in the strong wind; but as New Guinea is outside of the hurricane belt, fire destroys more of them than the storms. The piles are short-lived, owing to marine borers, but when a house becomes rickety new piles are inserted beside the old ones. Many of the houses on shore are built, as is shown in illustration 6, to represent the crocodile, the over-reaching roof imitating the upper jaw of the open mouth, and the projecting platform on the ground the lower. The poles and rafters are often decorated with the skulls and bones of enemies that the owners have killed and eaten. Those native villages which stand upon land usually have a number of tree-houses—houses built in the tops of the tallest trees as a means of refuge in case of an attack upon the inhabitants.

Mr. Bell, a photographer of Australia, who accompanied one of the latest exploring expeditions, and who made some of the photographs from which the accompanying illustrations were taken, relates that on one occasion, while ascending a river in New Guinea, a number of the natives, who had never seen white men before, were induced to come on board the steam-launch, and in a short time became friendly. They were delighted with everything they saw, until they discovered in a cask some salt beef, which they evidently took for something else. They had a hurried consultation, no doubt arriving at the conclusion that the whites were cannibals like themselves, for they leaped into their canoes and paddled away as fast as possible, and could not be induced to return to the vessel. There are to-day hardly more than a score of white residents in New Guinea, and these are mostly traders and pearl fishers. An English mission is established at Port Moresby, under the care of the Rev. J. W. Chalmers, of the London Missionary Society, whose teachers reside at all the principal villages of the Motu district.

A considerable trade is carried on between the different tribes along the coast. The natives in the neighborhood of Port Moresby manufacture pottery, and exchange it for sago with the tribes to the westward. The annual trading cruise is to them an important event. Large sailing craft called *lakatois* are made by lashing four or more canoes together. Masts and sails are rigged, and the whole loaded with pottery; then, taking advantage of the southeast trade-winds, they sail westward to the villages on the coast and the rivers of the Papuan Gulf, exchanging their ware for sago and the other products of the region visited; then, after several weeks of feasting, they catch the northwest monsoons, which carry them homeward with their deeply loaded vessels. The natives, who have always borne a bad name as pirates, are believed to still sometimes combine a certain amount of piracy with their trading voyages along the coast.

The mammals of New Guinea are akin to those of Australia, but are limited in variety. The land swarms with wallaby of two species, and with a peculiar form of pig, opossums, a species of bandicoot, or wild rat, and mice. There is some reason to think that

an exploration of the interior might reveal living specimens of the gigantic marsupials found as fossils in the Queensland Pleistocene. Of birds there is a great variety; among them the cassowary is included. The beauty and number of the birds are great, and out of 1028 species identified, 470 are peculiar to New Guinea and the adjacent islands, including Aroo. The more numerous and important genera are pre-eminently Australian in character, with many species peculiarly developed. Here abound birds-of-paradise, honeysuckers, flycatchers, parrots, crows, kingfishers, and pigeons, all rich in special forms, and most of them distinguished by beauty of plumage. Birds of prey are rare. One of the most remarkable species of the bird family in New Guinea is the scrub-hen (*Megopodius tumulus*), which erects great mound nests, often more than ten feet high, and its eggs furnish the natives with animal food in the egg season, as a number of hens lay in one of these nests for several seasons. The brush-turkey, a large species of the scrub-hen, lays eggs in the same mounds. The hot, moist climate on the coast becomes especially unhealthful during the transition between the monsoons, which period is long and irregular, owing to the action of the high mountain ranges on these winds. The heat is tempered by the heavy rainfall discharged by the northwest monsoon, chiefly in the west and north; the southeast monsoon also is wet, especially in the east and south districts. Over a great part of New Guinea dense forests prevail, clothing the mountains to an altitude of several thousand feet with timber of enormous height. The trees are matted with creepers, and there is a dense undergrowth of brushwood, ferns, and lycopodiums. Great reeds and grasses cover the swamps and open spaces. The plants usually found in the tropics abound; the cocoa-palm grows everywhere; the sago-palm grows wild in abundance in the swamps. Tobacco of a good quality and an indigenous cotton-plant are also found.

Politically, New Guinea is divided among Holland, Germany, and Great Britain. The Dutch, who for many years have maintained a desultory trade on the coast, hold a nominal sovereignty over the northerly half of the island, claiming all the territory that lies west of 140° 47′ east longitude. The southeasterly part is divided about equally between Germany and Great Britain. Germany in 1885 and 1886 made the northerly part of southeast New Guinea—the territory lying between Humboldt Bay and Huon Gulf—a German possession, and gave it the name of Kaiser Wilhelm Land. Here a German trading and colonization society, known as the New Guinea Company, has established stations on the coast at Finsch Haven, Constantine, and Hatzfeld harbors, but nowhere on the island has any power made an attempt to found a colony.

Since 1884 a British protectorate has been administered by a commissioner over the part of New Guinea claimed by Great Britain. Owing to the undefined nature of his executive and judicial powers, and the probability that an influx of Europeans would result in hostilities with natives, settlement by Europeans has been discouraged. In 1888 the territory controlled by Great Britain was declared a British possession by royal letters-patent, and the flag finally hoisted at Port Moresby on September 4th of that year. That New Guinea is ever to have a future of any great importance to the white race is uncertain. Should the climate of the uplands and plateaus of the interior prove to be salubrious, and the land suitable for planting or grazing, as has been predicted by explorers, then in a few years there may be a marked change in the country. A discovery of precious metal, of which there are indications, would hasten immigration, and pave the way for a more permanent settlement. Should none of these possibilities occur, however, then New Guinea is likely to remain for a long time as it is to-day.

COUNT ANDRASSY.

Count Julius (Gyula) Andrassy, who died on February 18th, at Volosca, near Fiume, where he had been sojourning for some time in the hope of improving his health, was a very prominent figure in the work of the reconstruction of Europe which has taken place since 1850. He was born in the county of Zemplen, Hungary, on March 8, 1823. His father, Count Charles Andrassy, was an influential member of the national diets, and a publicist of merit. His family is an old one, dating back to the sixteenth century in Hungary, and to the thirteenth in Bosnia.

Count Julius was a member of the Presburg Diet, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Zemplen, and an active mover in the revolutionary epidemic which spread over Europe in 1848. He led the militia of his district against the Austrians, who, with the aid of Russia, reduced Hungary to the condition of a province. Just previous to the collapse of the patriotic cause, Andrassy was sent as minister to Constantinople, and his absence from home doubtless saved his life, as he seems to have been condemned to death with others who suffered the penalty. As it was, he was hanged in effigy only, and reserved to render brilliant services to and receive high honors from the power which then sought his destruction. The Turkish authorities refused to deliver him up at the request of Austria; but to relieve the former of any embarrassment, Andrassy went to France, and lived there and in England until the Magyar patriots were amnestied in 1857. His talents and agreeable personality made him a notable favorite in the societies of the Western capitals.

Returning to Hungary when it had become feasible for him to do so, he soon entered into public affairs, and became Deak's most valued coadjutor. The Prussian victory at Königgrätz in 1866, in humbling Austria, led her to adopt a policy of conciliation toward the Hungarian people, with the result of granting them practically what they had fought in vain for in 1848. They were given an independent parliament, and Andrassy, at the request of Deak, who declined office himself, was made their Prime-minister. One of his early official acts was to conduct the ceremonies wherein the Emperor and Empress of Austria were crowned King and Queen of Hungary, at Buda-Pesth. His term of office was signalized by the institution of important reforms, one of which was the restoration of trial by jury, and another, the removal of political disabilities from the Jews.

In 1871 he was called to succeed Count Beust as Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the chief officer under the Emperor of the dual government. The new German Empire had just been created, and Andrassy was one of the chief factors in the formation of the triple alliance known as the *Dreikaiserbund*. This was broken up after some years by the events connected with the Turco-Russian war, and the snatching of the fruits of victory from the victor. In all the diplomacy of that troublesome period he played a conspicuous part. He represented Austria in the Berlin Conference of 1878, and was instrumental in adding Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and in extending its influence in the Balkans generally. He resigned his ministerial office in 1879, apparently because of internal complications arising out of the new order of things he had been instrumental in bringing about. Since his retirement ten years ago he has held no official position, but has retained a lively interest in governmental matters, and has been a trusted adviser.

NEAR EAST HAMPTON.

(A PAINTING BY A. F. BUNNER.)

Among the new leaves of the old bent tree—
A trembling olive sea—
The light-winged bluebirds play,
And in the meadow stretching far away
The dusty bees among the flowers stray,
Where the glad bobolink
Floats on a tide of song above the clover pink.

I see the tawny fields of dimpling rye
Beneath a peaceful sky,
And hear the crystal brook
Murmur along through many a cressy nook
That weeping-willows softly overlook,
And see the cloud-ships rest
In pale armadas far adown the rosy west.

Softly the purple-footed shadows creep
About the huddled sheep,
While all the happy land
Is by the amorous wing of summer fanned,
Festooned with roses, soothed by breezes bland,
And in a fairy dream
Like the light lily on the bosom of a stream.

Oh, perfect shining day, all green and gold!
What happiness untold
We'd know if so arrayed
Were all our fleeting days!—knowing no shade
Save that by brightest smiling sunshine made,
As when it gayly throws
Across the lily's face the shadow of a rose!

R. K. Munkittrick.

SOME MIDWINTER GAME BIRDS.

What an inspiring, rejuvenating, wholesomely savage sound is the "honk, honk" of the wild-goose dropping down to us some morning at the close of a tiresome winter,

"As March leads forth across the leas
The wild and windy spring"!

It is a sound full of sap, and starts budding within us that seed of nomadic and wild nature inherited from those far ancestors to whom the mountain ranges were but challenges to exploration, and the ocean an invitation to travel and conquest. We look up and see the far-away triangle "harrowing the sky" on tireless pinions, cleaving its way with firm and unswerving speed toward the pole. Whence have they come? We have watched and shot at them on many a Southern bayou and inland lake; but surely these scornful emigrants are not from such near and common haunts. Whither are they bound? Imagination likes to follow—pleases itself with picturing the new scenes, the pungent adventures they must encounter from day to day before the far blue waters of Hudson's Bay and Athabasca Lake, or the desolate ice cliffs of King William's Land, invite them to pause for a summer's sojourn.

"Steering north with raucous cry,
Through tracts and provinces of sky,
Every night alighting down
In new landscapes of romance,
Where darkling feeds the clamorous clans,
By lonely lakes to men unknown."

Game laws are of little service to the wild-goose. Everywhere he must run the gauntlet of the guns, and pay for his liberty the price of eternal vigilance. His arrival in his far Northern breeding-grounds is hailed as the season of plenty by Esquimau, Indian, and white hunter, who search out his down-bedded nests in the morasses or on the cliffs to rob them of eggs and goslings, set snares and spread nets for the adults, chase them with spears, and kill them with gunshot by the hundred. The natives fatten upon their juicy flesh, and the fur traders preserve thousands for winter use. Foxes, weasels, ermines, and other marauders prey upon eggs and young, and the eagles, larger hawks, and great jaeger-gulls strike them down in mid-air. Finally, when the short summer is over, and their feeding-grounds are skimmed with ice, and the numbing air admonishes them to be gone, the geese must run the gauntlet of the forest Indians of the Saskatchewan Valley and Upper Canada, must spring away from well-concealed gunners surrounding every pond and river head from Lac St. Jean to the Kootenay, and will find no rest from enemies when they at last settle down in the broad marshes of the United States. Yet so watchful, suspicious, and strong of wing are they that enough wild-geese escape all these perils to keep the ranks nearly as full as ever.

The migration does not seem to be continuous, but by stages, from feeding-ground to feeding-ground. This is especially true in the fall, when the birds are loath to leave the North, and like to make as long halts *en route* as the weather permits. Hence they are often overtaken by storms, and then fly low, and drive through the rushing flakes almost or altogether at random, landmarks being obliterated. In the evening of such a day, as the observant Hudson's Bay Company's men inform us, the geese will sink to the ground and plunge into the fleecy drifts for shelter. But at just such a time the foxes and carcajous are most hungry, and hence most to be dreaded. Well aware of this, the geese sagaciously press their way forward for some yards, so that if a fox should trace and enter their tunnel, they may have plenty of start in making their escape.

There are no less than a dozen species and varieties of goose and brant that visit the United States in more or less numbers. Of these the *Branta canadensis* is the common wild-goose, which breeds in suitable places all along our Canadian frontier, as well as far to the northward. The brant is another large kind, furnishing capital sport along the northern Atlantic sea-shore, while some of the other species are more common in the Western States than on the Eastern seaboard.

Courageous in his sense of strength, a swan is the first bird from the South to reach the shores of arctic America, and to the native people there, almost worn out by their long contest with cold and starvation, he is a messenger of spring, and his advent the occasion of wide and hearty rejoicing; but this leader of the northward hastening column of migrant water-fowl is the great *trumpeter* of the Pacific coast—and a proper leader too!

Rear-guard of that column, last of the migrants to be noted sailing over the posts of the fur traders on Hudson's Bay, on Peace River, and along the Mackenzie, goes the smaller whistling-swan, the subject of our illustration, with which sportsmen of the United States are the more familiar, and which is also a resident of the polar shores and islands of the Old World. In severe winters it is forced as far south as England, central Europe, and the marshes which border the Caspian. It is daily seen in southern Siberia and Thibet, and is one of the visitants of China and northern Japan.

To the aborigines of all the semi-arctic zone this bird is of the greatest value, not only because its flesh and eggs are edible, and a grateful change from their winter diet of dried fish and moss, but because its down and feathers enter into the few materials available for clothing. At the most northerly Hudson's Bay posts great numbers of the bodies of these birds are salted down, to be served out as rations to their men and the Indian hunters during the succeeding winter.

One of the populous breeding haunts of this swan was discovered by Captain Dale near the mouth of the Yukon, in Alaska; and he tells us that in July, when the big birds are moulting and cannot fly well, the Esquimaux slaughter them by means of their cleverly barbed bone tridents, which combine the service of a spear and a grapnel. These Esquimaux, as well as their neighbors of the Tinneh, further east, flay nearly all they secure, and save the skins to be made into under-clothing; but the carcass is not refused on that account, even by the white men of that region. "In Iceland, to the inhabitants of which," according to Selby, "the down and feathers are of great value, not only for domestic comfort, but as an article of barter, they are hunted down and killed in great numbers in the month of August, at which time the old birds are unable to fly, having cast their quill feathers. At this season the natives assemble in bodies in places where the swans are most abundant, attended by dogs, and mounted upon small but active horses, purposely trained to pass over bogs and through marshy soil; the chase then commences, and many are ridden down; but the greater number are caught by the dogs, which always seize by the neck, a mode of attack that causes the bird to lose its balance and become an easy prey."

Returning from the North, the swans and their young appear in the United States in company with the geese, but seem to fly wholly by an inland route, and are rarely seen on the coast of New England. Their flight is usually at a great elevation, in a straight line, and with a rapidity no doubt exceeding 100 miles an hour when under full headway. Not the least interesting thing connected with this southward flight is the fact that upon the back of nearly every swan are perched a little company of warblers and flycatchers, which take this rapid and easy method of making the journey to and from the arctic lands, where they love to breed, but which they could rarely reach or get away from upon unaided wings.

Coming to our ears from a great height or across a wide and wind-swept marsh, the note which gives them the name "Whistling" is not disagreeable, but near at hand it seems rather a harsh and piercing scream. It drops to feed in wide marshes and estuaries, and is sometimes caught alive, when it is easily tamed, and thrives, but is said to refuse all companionship with the ordinary tame swans, from which it is easily distinguishable by its habit of holding its neck at right angles, instead of in the rounded and graceful curve the mute species affects.

"The few swans that are annually secured on the Atlantic coast are for the most part killed on the Chesapeake Bay or at Currituck. They are not systematically pursued, but are generally captured by carelessly flying too close to gunners who are lying in wait for ducks or geese."

They should always be shot through the head or neck, as the feathers of the body will resist ordinary shot.

The natural enemies—that is, those apart from man—which the swan need fear are few, since it is so wary, so large and powerful, that it can escape or resist nearly all others. The eagles, however, are able to strike it down, and no doubt the peregrine falcon or duck hawk, and the great white owl, can now and then overcome weak or disabled ones; while the foxes, wolverenes, and other prowlers often make a meal off an unguarded nest. The fact that the swan lays only two eggs, while nature thinks it needful that water-fowl generally should hatch a dozen or more young apiece, in order to insure the perpetuation of the race, is indirect but very substantial testimony to the comparative immunity from danger this king of the marshes enjoys.

One of the most interesting of Mr. Beard's present series of pictures is that of the long-billed curlew which accompanies this text. The curlews are a numerous and wide-spread family of birds, some of the species being common to both Europe and America, though he of the long bill (*Numenius longirostris*) is peculiarly our own. They are all much alike in appearance and manners, though not in size. Migratory in habit, they are during winter residents of the beaches and muddy shores of the sea and of the mouths of rivers, associating in flocks, and feeding upon marine insects, worms, minute shell-fish, roe, and other animal matter, obtained principally by repeatedly poking their sensitive bills into the ooze on the chance of striking something edible. Their tall unfeathered legs and long sickle-shaped beaks enable them to carry on this search when the flats are covered with water and the mud-worms and crustacea come to the surface.

Early in spring they retire inland and northward, selecting wide plains abounding in marshes and pools of water as suitable regions in which to rear their young. It is one of the surprises of the more Northerly plains, and of the saline lake regions of the Great Basin, to come upon a pair of alarmed curlews shrilly whistling their fright where you least expected such an apparition.

The curlew is an exceedingly timid and wary bird, and the gunner is often tempted to anathematize it as he suddenly hears its loud alarum bidding everything take heed to itself. It will usually keep just out of gun-shot, but may sometimes be decoyed by waving a handkerchief on a stick, or otherwise exciting its curiosity. At the best, however, this draws it only a little nearer, and many chances of missing must be taken. In this case, however, the game is hardly worth the trouble, for high seasoning is needed to make the flesh of the curlew acceptable to a palate that has tasted plover, snipe, or woodcock.

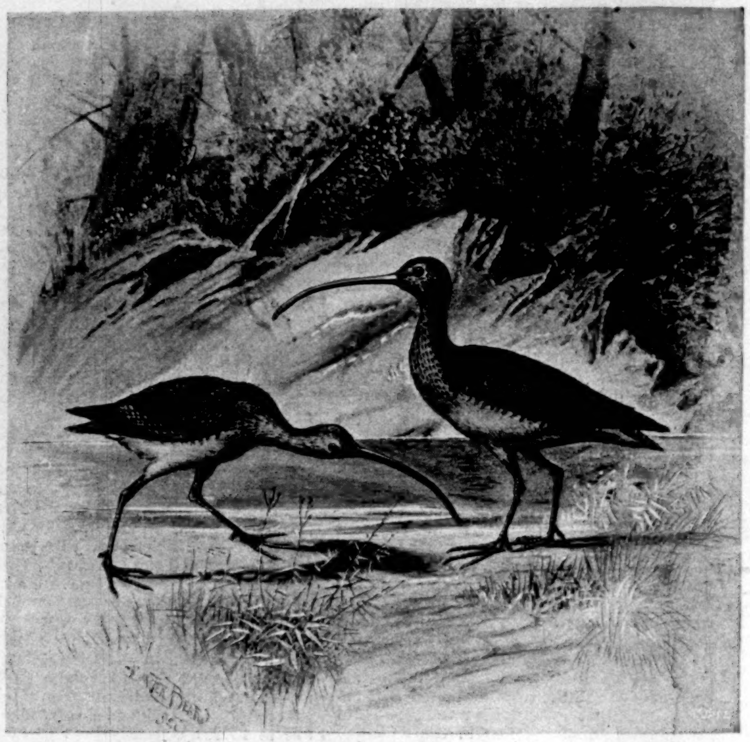
How different from the reedy morasses or the rippling tide flats beloved by the swan, the geese, and the curlews, are the home and life of the ptarmigan! Over my desk as I write hangs a little sketch—only a few lines and patches of angular shadow—but enough to convey to the eye a sense of alpine summits:

"The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky:
Dazzling and white, save where the bleak
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusty streak."

In the almost blank foreground of the sketch are half a dozen small partridge-like birds, mere outlines in the universal white, whilst another two or three are scudding away like fragments torn from a snow-cloud. These are ptarmigan. More than once, on the high and frosty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, I have come upon little coveys picking up seeds, beetles, buds, and whatever edible they could find between the last shrub of forest and the snow line, and have even met them upon broad snow tracts. Generally they were utterly unsuspicious, so that I might have caught them in my hands. On some of the high peaks miners live during the summer, and these "mountain chickens" come familiarly around their cabins, grateful for crumbs and companionship.

This Rocky Mountain species is the "white-tailed," and, so far as we know, it is confined

GREAT WHISTLING-SWAN AND LITTLE BLUE-WINGED TEAL.



LONG-BILLED CURLEW.

to our great western cordillera, never wandering into the arctic barren ground frequented by the black-tailed willow-ptarmigan, though that species occasionally comes far southward along the high water-sheds of the Rockies and Cascades. In winter every feather in the plumage of our white-tailed species is pure white, and even the sharp gaze of an owl or eagle finds it hard to discern one against the snow. Early in June, however, the feathers of the body are replaced by a new growth, clouded and barred with gray, buff, and black, but the wings and tail remain white all summer.

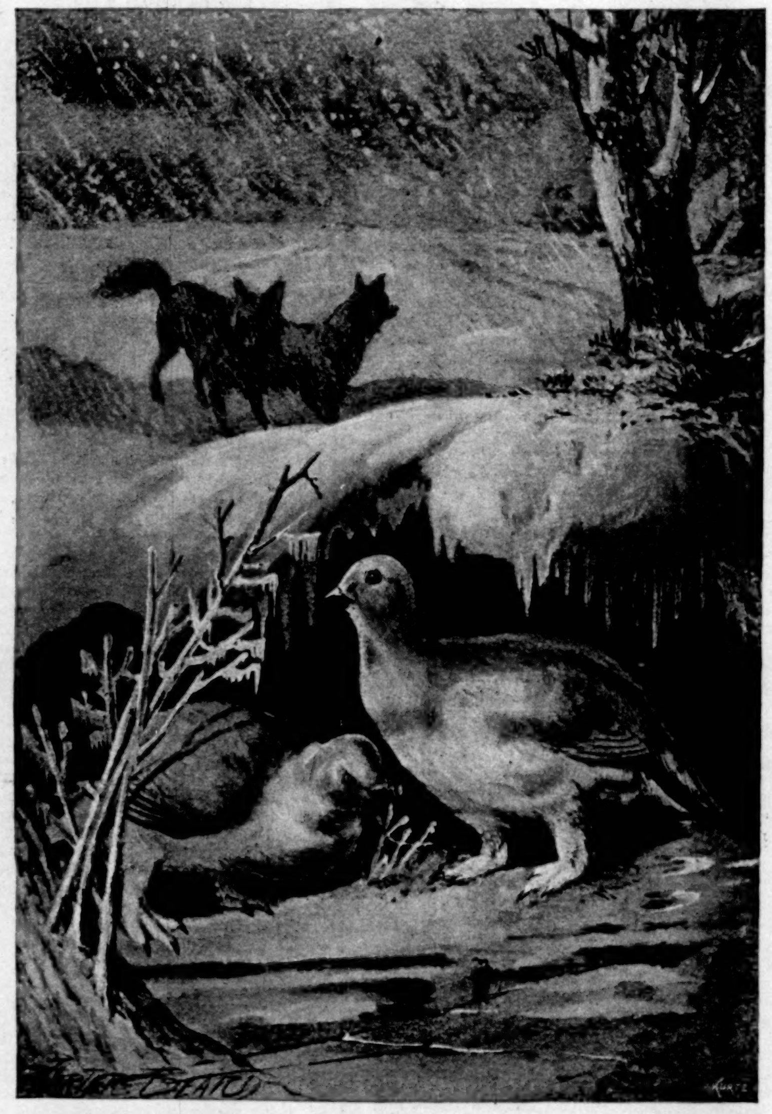
As soon as the snow leaves the alpine grass-plots, pairs of ptarmigans scrape together a few leaves and bits of moss under the shelter of a rock, and presently sit upon a dozen handsomely painted eggs until the gray and downy chicks arrive. These speedily run about, quite independent of motherly care, as befits one born amid such exigencies.

"Child of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast.
Thine are the honors of the lofty waste.
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks; to chant thy birth thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast;
And Desolation is thy Patron Saint."

The willow-grouse is a ptarmigan whose summer plumage is reddish buff, and which in winter keeps jet-black feathers in the side of its tail, instead of turning wholly white. It is very numerous north of the Saskatchewan forests from Alaska to Greenland, and is of much importance as a food resource to the Indians and fur hunters of that region. Its fondness for willow thickets, upon the buds of which it mainly subsists, gives it its name. A third species, properly belonging to Greenland and the adjacent main-land, is occasionally seen around Hudson's Bay in severe winters, and seems to be the same as the rock-ptarmigan of boreal Europe.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

WILD-GOOSE.



PTARMIGAN.

MIDWINTER GAME BIRDS.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

THE GREAT MEETING OF AMATEUR ATHLETES UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BOSTON ATHLETIC CLUB.

DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

I.

ALL day I had followed at the heels of a pursuing army, engaged on one of the finest battles that ever camp of exercise beheld. Thirty thousand troops had by the wisdom of the government of India been turned loose over a few thousand square miles of country to practise in peace what they would never attempt in war. Consequently cavalry charged unshaken infantry at the trot; infantry captured artillery by frontal attacks, delivered in line of quarter columns; and mounted infantry skirmished up to the wheels of an armored train, which carried nothing more deadly than a 25-pounder Armstrong, two Nordenfeldts, and a few score volunteers, all cased in three-eighths-inch boiler plate. Yet it was a very life-like camp. Operations did not cease at sundown; nobody knew the country, and nobody was to spare man or horse. There was unending cavalry scouting, and almost unending forced work over broken ground. The Army of the South had finally pierced the centre of the Army of the North, and was pouring through the gap, hot foot, to capture a city of strategic importance. Its front extended fanwise, the sticks being represented by regiments strung out along the line of route backward to the divisional transport columns, and all the lumber that trails behind an army on the move. On its right the broken left of the Army of the North was flying in mass, chased by the Southern horse and hammered by the Southern guns, till these had been pushed far beyond the limits of their last support. Then the flying Army of the North sat down to rest, while the elated commandant of the pursuing force telegraphed that he held it in check and observation.

Unluckily he did not observe that three miles to his right flank a flying column of Northern horse, with a detachment of Ghoorkhas and British troops, had been pushed round as fast as the falling light allowed, to cut across the entire rear of the Southern Army, to break, as it were, all the ribs of the fan where they converged, by striking at the transport reserve, ammunition, and artillery supplies. Their instructions were to go in, avoiding the few scouts who might not have been drawn off by the pursuit, and create sufficient excitement to impress the Southern Army with the wisdom of guarding their own flank and rear before they captured cities. It was a pretty manœuvre, neatly carried out.

Speaking for the second division of the Southern Army, our first intimation of it was at twilight, when the artillery were laboring in deep sand, most of the escort were trying to help them out, and the main body of the infantry had gone on. A Noah's ark of elephants, camels, and the mixed menagerie of an Indian transport train bubbled and squealed behind the guns, when there appeared from nowhere in particular British infantry to the extent of three companies, who sprang to the heads of the gun horses, and brought all to a stand-still amid oaths and cheers.

"How's that, umpire?" said the major commanding the attack, and with one voice the drivers and limber gunners answered, "Hout!" while the colonel of artillery sputtered.

"All your scouts are charging our main body," said the major. "Your flanks are unprotected for two miles. I think we've broken the back of this division. And listen! there go the Ghoorkhas!"

A weak fire broke from the rear-guard more than a mile away, and was answered by cheerful howlings. The Ghoorkhas, who should have swung clear of the second division, had stepped on its tail in the dark, but drawing off, hastened to reach the next line, which lay almost parallel to us, five or six miles away.

Our column swayed and surged irresolutely—three batteries, the divisional ammunition reserve, the baggage, and a section of hospital and bearer corps. The commandant ruefully promised to report himself "cut up" to the nearest umpire, and commending his cavalry and all other cavalry to the care of Eblis, toiled on to resume touch with the rest of the division.

"We'll bivouac here to-night," said the major. "I have a notion that the Ghoorkhas will get caught. They may want us to re-form on. Stand easy till the transport gets away."

A hand caught my beast's bridle and led him out of the choking dust; a larger hand deftly canted me out of the saddle, and two of the hugest hands in the world received me sliding. Pleasant is the lot of the special correspondent who falls into such hands as those of Privates Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd.

"An' that's all right," said the Irishman, calmly. "We thought we'd find you somewheres here by. Is there anything of yours in the transport? Orth'ris 'll fetch ut out."

Ortheris did "fetch ut out" from under the trunk of an elephant, in the shape of a servant and an animal, both laden with medical comforts. The little man's eyes sparkled.

"If the brutil an' licentious soldiery av these parts gets sight av the thruck," said Mulvaney, making practised investigation, "they'll loot ev'rything. They're bein' fed on iron-filin's an' dog biscuit these days, but glory's no compensation for a bellyache. Praise be, we're here to protect you, sorr. Beer, sausage, bread (soft, an' that's a cur'osity), soup in a tin; whiskey by the smell av ut, an' fowls. Mother av Moses, but ye take the field like a confectioner! 'Tis scand'lus."

"'Ere's a orficer," said Ortheris, significantly. "When the sergent's done lushin', the privit may clean the pot."

I bundled several things into Mulvaney's haversack before the major's hand fell on my shoulder, and he said, tenderly: "Requisitioned for the Queen's service. Wolseley was quite wrong about special correspondents. They are the best friends of the soldier. Come an' take potluck with us to-night."

And so it happened amid laughter and shoutings that my well-considered commissariat melted away to reappear on the mess table, which was a waterproof sheet spread on the ground. The flying column had taken three days' rations with it, and there be few things nastier than government rations—especially when government is experimenting with German toys. Erbswurst, tinned beef, of surpassing tinniness, compressed vegetables, and meat biscuits may be nourishing, but what Thomas Atkins wants is bulk in his inside. The major, assisted by his brother officers, purchased goats for the camp, and so made the experiment of no effect. Long before the fatigue party sent to collect brushwood had returned, the men were settled down by their valises, kettles and pots had appeared from the surrounding country, and were dangling over fires as the kid and the compressed vegetables bubbled together; there rose a cheerful clinking of mess tins, outrageous demands for "a little more stuffin' with that there liver wing," and gust on gust of chaff as pointed as a bayonet and as delicate as a gun butt.

"The boys are in a good temper," said the major. "They'll be singing presently. Well, a night like this is enough to keep them happy."

Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a gray shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry fire leagues away to the left. A native woman in some unseen hut began to sing, the mail train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story.

The men, full fed, turned to tobacco and song—their officers with them. Happy is the subaltern who can win the approval of the musical critics in his regiment, and is honored among the more intricate step dancers. By him, as by him who plays cricket craftily, will Thomas Atkins stand in time of need when he will let a better officer go on alone. The ruined tombs of forgotten Mussulman saints heard the ballad of "Agra Town," "The Buffalo Battery," "Marching to Kabul," "The long, long Indian Day," "The Place where the Punka Coolie died," and that crashing chorus which announces

"Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Firm hand, and eagle eye
Must he acquire who would aspire
To see the gray boar die."

To-day, of all those jovial thieves who appropriated my commissariat, and lay and laughed round that water-proof sheet, not one remains. They went to camps that were not of exercise and battles without umpires. Burmah, the Soudan, and the frontier fever and fight took them in their time.

I drifted across to the men's fires in search of Mulvaney, whom I found strategically greasing his feet by the blaze. There is nothing particularly lovely in the sight of a private thus engaged after a long day's march, but when you reflect on the exact proportion of the "might, majesty, dominion, and power" of the British Empire that stands on those feet, you take an interest in the proceedings.

"There's a blister—bad luck to ut!—on the heel," said Mulvaney. "I can't touch ut. Prick ut out, little man."

Ortheris produced his housewife, eased the trouble with a needle, stabbed Mulvaney in the calf with the same weapon, and was incontinently kicked into the fire.

"I've bruk the best av my toes over you, ye grinnin' child av disruption!" said Mulvaney, sitting cross-legged and nursing his feet; then, seeing me: "Oh, ut's you, sorr! Be welkim, an' take that maraudin' scutt's place. Jock, hold him down on the cindhers for a bit."

But Ortheris escaped and went elsewhere as I took possession of the hollow he had scraped for himself and lined with his great-coat. Learoyd, on the other side of the fire, grinned affably, and in a minute fell fast asleep.

"There's the height av politeness for you," said Mulvaney, lighting his pipe with a flaming branch. "But Jock's eaten half a box av your sardines at wan gulp, an' I think the tin too. What's the best wid you, sorr; an' how did you happen to be on the losin' side this day whin we captured you?"

"The Army of the South is winning all along the line," I said.

"Then that line's the hangman's rope, savin' your presence. You'll learn to-morrow how we rethreated to dhraw thim on before we made thim trouble, an' that's what a woman does. By the same tokin, we'll be attacked before the dawnin', an' ut would be betther not to slip your boots. How do I know that? By the light av pure reason. Here are three companies av us ever so far inside av the enemy's flank, an' a crowd av roarin', t'arin', an' squealin' cavalry gone on just to turn out the whole nest av thim. Av course the enemy will pursue by brigades like as not, an' then we'll have to run for ut. Mark my words. I am av the opinion av Polonius whin he said: 'Don't fight wid ivry scutt for the pure joy av fightin'; but if you do, knock the nose av him first an' frequint!' We ought to ha' gone on an' helped the Ghoorkhas."

"But what do you know about Polonius?" I demanded. This was a new side of Mulvaney's character.

"All that Shakespeare ever wrote, an' a dale more that the gallery shouted," said the man of war, carefully lacing his boots. "Did I not tell you av Silver's Theatre in Dublin whin I was younger than I am now an' a patron av the drama? Ould Silver wud never pay actor, man or woman, their just dues, an' by consequence his comp'nies was collapsible at the last minut'. Then the bhoys would clamor to take a part, an' oft as not ould Silver made thim pay for the fun. Faith, I've seen Hamlut played wid a new black eye, an' the Queen as full as a cornucopia. I remember wanst Hogin that 'listed in the Black Tyrone an' was shot in South Africa, he sejuced ould Silver into givin' him Hamlut's part instid av me, that had a fine fancy for rhetoric in those days. Av course I wint into the gallery an' began to fill the pit wid other people's hats, an' I passed the time av day to Hogin walkin' through Denmark like a hamstrung mule wid a pall on his back. 'Hamlut,' sez I, 'there's a hole in your heel. Pull up your shtockin's, Hamlut,' sez I. 'Hamlut, Hamlut, for the love av decincy dhrop that skull, an' pull up your shtockin's.' The whole house begun to tell him that. He stopped his soliloquishms mid between. 'My shtockin's may be comin' down or they may not,' sez he, screwin' his eye into the gallery, for well he knew who I was; 'but afther the performince is over me an' the Ghost 'll trample the guts out av you, Terence, wid your ass's bray.' An' that's how I come to know about Hamlut. Eyah! Those days, those days! Did you iver have onendin' develmint an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?"

"Never without having to pay," I said.

"That's thrue. 'Tis mane, whin you considher on ut; but ut's the same wid horse or fut. A headache if you dhrink, an' a bellyache if you eat too much, an' a heartache to kape all down. 'Faith, the beast only gets the colic, an' he's the lucky man."

He dropped his head and stared into the fire, fingering his mustache the while. From the far side of the bivouac the voice of Corbet-Nolan, senior subaltern of B Company, uplifted itself in an ancient and much-appreciated song of sentiment, the men moaning melodiously behind him:

"The north wind blew coldly, she drooped from that hour,
My own little Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
Kathleen, my Kathleen, Kathleen O'Moore!"

with forty-five *o's* in the last word. Even at that distance you might have cut the soft South Irish accent with a shovel.

"For all we take we must pay; but the price is cruel high," murmured Mulvaney when the chorus had ceased.

"What's the trouble?" I said, gently, for I knew that he was a man of an inextinguishable sorrow.

"Hear now," said he. "Ye know what I am now. I know what I mint to be at the beginnin' av my service. I've tould you time an' again, an' what I have not, Dinah Shadd has. An' what am I? Oh, Mary Mother av Hiven! an ould dhrunken, untrustable baste av a privit that has seen the regiment change out from colonel to drummer-boy, not wanst or twicet, but scores av times! Ay, scores! An' me not so near gettin' promotion as in the furst. An' me livin' on an' kapin' clear o' Clink not by my own good conduck, but the kindness av some orf'cer—bhoy young enough to be son to me! Do I not know ut. Can I not tell whin I'm passed over at p'rade, tho' I'm rockin' full av liquor an' ready to fall all in wan piece, such as even a suckin' child might see, bekaze, 'Oh, 'tis only ould Mulvaney!' An' whin I'm let off in the ord'ly room, through some thrick av the tongue an' a ready answer an' the ould man's mercy, is ut smilin' I feel whin I fall away an' go back to Dinah Shadd, thryin' to carry ut all off as a joke? Not I! 'Tis hell to me—dumb hell through ut all; an' next time whin the fit comes I will be as bad again. Good cause the reg'ment has to know me for the best soldier in ut. Better cause have I to know mesilf for the worst man. I'm only fit to tache the new drafts what I'll never learn myself; an' I am sure as tho' I heard ut, that the minut wan av these pink-eyed recruities gets away from my 'Mind ye, now,' an' 'Listen to this, Jim, bhoy,' sure I am that the sergint houlds me up to him for a warnin'. So I tache, as they say at musketry instruction, by direct an' ricochet fire. Lord be good to me! for I have stud some throuble."

"Lie down and go to sleep," said I, not being able to comfort or advise. "You're the best man in the regiment, and, next to Ortheris, the biggest fool. Lie down, and wait till we're attacked. What force will they turn out? Guns, think you?"

"Thry that wid your lorrds an' ladies, twistin' an' turnin' the talk, tho' you mint ut well. Ye cud say nothin' to help me; an' yet ye never knew what cause I had to be what I am."

"Begin at the beginning and go on to the end," I said, royally. "But rake up the fire a bit first." I passed Ortheris's bayonet for a poker.

"That shows how little ye know what to do," said Mulvaney, putting it aside. "Fire takes all the heart out av the steel, an' the next time, maybe, that our little man is fightin' for his life his brad-awl 'll break, an' so you'll 'ave killed him, manin' no more than to kape yourself warm. 'Tis a recruitie's thrick that. Pass the cl'anin'-rod, sorr."

I snuggled down, abashed, and after an interval the low, even voice of Mulvaney began.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLLEGE SPORTS.

BY PROF. W. M. SLOANE, OF PRINCETON.

EVERY conscientious teacher knows that the two greatest evils of school life are idleness and tedium. The mischievous consequences are too evident and too numerous to be denied. Moral precept alone is not a sufficient remedy for the school community, although high principle saves many individuals. The true antidote for idleness is, of course, enforced study; the corrective of harmful weariness is innocent sport and mirth. To this end, a sound theory of education has in some measure always enforced the value of the games in which youth delights. It remained for our century and the teachers of our race to appreciate them at their true importance. The intelligent sentiment of America approves of school sports as wise masters encourage and develop them. It is to be feared, however, that the public emphasizes their material rather than their moral results. We all appreciate the health and beauty of the body; few take pains to note how near akin are physical and moral beauty at the time of life when all is plastic, and conviction has not yet hardened into principle.

Nothing could be more deplorable than the confusion which exists in many influential circles between the play of school and that of college or university, the two terms being almost interchangeable among us. There is a wise old conundrum which asks, "What is most like a man?" The answer is, "A great big boy." We all realize the distinction between the boy of ten and the man of forty; the fewest have studied that indeterminate and misty border-land which separates the boy of sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen from the man of seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, or twenty. For all our ignorance, it is there, and the theory and practice of university government must reckon with it—one day, tutelage; the next, independence in some direction. This fact underlies the acrimonious controversy of late years about elective or optional studies in the universities. The question in its present form is even wider, for it now embraces the whole sphere of bodily and intellectual and moral activities.

It is not superfluous, therefore, to point out that the conditions of school sport and college sport are essentially different. The school-boy may be and generally is manly, but at bottom he is still a boy; the university student is, fortunately for him, often boyish, but his powers and his duties are those of a man. Underlying the games and contests which the thoughtless abet with a certain shamefaced patronage, the thoughtful discover virility in some form. The clash and shock of body and limbs in intercollegiate athletics certainly display the powers of physical manhood; the conduct of these meetings, the forms of rivalry, the developments of the games themselves, display equally to the close observer qualities of ingenuity, judgment, foresight, and self-restraint which adorn no form of character except the ripest.

Another distinction which must be made clear is that between physical education and sport. The former is a glorious thing. All honor to the scientific teacher of gymnastics who makes strong the weak organs, checks the undue prominence of one muscle, and devises apparatus to bring another into play; who creates symmetry and grace in the human form; who supplants lassitude by vigor, reveals to the scholar the uses of bodily exercise, and equips him with energy to make the most of his mental conquests. But, alas! utility as a motive power too often proves futile in the case of the young, and the experience of our great colleges shows that to reach the majority, physical exercise must be either made compulsory, or else some stimulus must be found which stands in close relation to gymnasium work. Moreover, indoor labor, whether with dumb-bells, bars, clubs, or the simulated oar in rowing-machines or tanks has vastly less worth than out-door sport of even the most trivial kind.

The latter combines two precious elements—amusement and rest together with fresh air. The great first German emperor used to say of the waters of Gastein that though analysis failed to discover healing virtue, they were pure and "*die Menge macht es.*" Bancroft, our most philosophic historian, reveals as the secret of his unfailing mental

powers in longevity: Two hours every day in the open air, not less, rain or shine; exercise if possible on horseback or in some other pleasant way, but out-of-doors whatever you do.

Work is work, however we may seek to disguise it, or for whatever end it is done. Recreation is quite another thing, and has its proper place in student life as it has in all lives. Exercise for the mere sake of exercise is a matter of conscience, and any one who has had the opportunity to observe the recluse, young or old, taking his self-imposed "constitutional" with languid and dragging steps, buried in thoughts that belong under the lamp, must admit the painfulness of the duty. It is needless to recall the scene of the playing fields as the antithesis—the eager rivalry, the intense interest, the alertness of body and mind, the breathless endeavor, the joyous shouts of his contemporaries. The one should lead in the class-room; if he does, it is an exception to the rule, however numerous such exceptions are. The others are likely to lead in the great world after the prelude is played. No logic is required to prove a self-evident proposition, and it is useless to plead the cause of college games when their value for recreation and exercise is patent. And when they furnish, in the ambition to excel which they inspire in their votaries, the strongest incentive to regular and regulated gymnasium practice, they are simply priceless in the scheme of wholesome living.

Emulation, rivalry, ambition, are the essence of sport. It might be supposed that within the organization of any college or university the existence of class or school or club feeling would be sufficient to secure quite enough of honorable pride to insure the best results. Experience proves the contrary. So centralized and homogeneous is the life of every great American institution of learning that nothing less than measuring powers with another will arouse sufficient enthusiasm for the leavening of the whole lump. This is even the case with the English universities, where the federal system of separate colleges still survives in splendid activity. It is the final struggle at "Lords" before the great London public which animates the cricketer of Oriel or Christ Church. Visions of the homestretch on the Thames, rather than the bumping races on the Cam and headship in its narrow and sedgy reaches, make the stroke and the discipline of the boating men from Johns or Trinity. How much more stimulating must similar considerations be to the out-door sports of Yale or Princeton or Harvard! New London, Mott Haven, and the Berkeley Oval furnish ideals of glory before which the lesser honors of the Charles River or the university field must pale in their calm and fainter light.

While such considerations appeal to every right-minded man, and are most important in themselves, they are but commonplaces when compared with the educational and moral results of intercollegiate contests. Victory, when nobly won and rightly used, is a splendid thing in itself. So is defeat. Nothing knits souls together like common experience. If a liberal education be desirable, nothing not harmful in itself which makes influential and attractive the places where it can be had is to be despised. In this our day of giant industries, organization and association need no eulogium. Labor and capital organize to keep the beam level. Art and literature organize against Philistinism. Men of all sorts and conditions associate to further all lawful ends. And sports in universities, good in themselves, must organize for preservation and growth. It is under such conditions that great men are produced in the outside world, and the same is true of the college world. Discipline, whether in obeying or commanding, is secured in these contests as by no other possible means. Through them every man in the college finds some place for his energy. The writer has an opportunity in the college journals, the speaker sways the mass-meetings, the man of affairs becomes an organizer, the financier deals with ways and means, the most insignificant in powers of mind can find vent for his unreasoned enthusiasm. The repression and discipline of the class-room and the devotion of the ardent student find their supplement not in spiteful mischief and disorder, as in bygone days, but in lawful, useful activity.

Young men, emphasize the epithet as you may, are nevertheless men. To a higher degree than their elders they possess enterprise, restlessness, eagerness for doing and acting. They must have an outlet. In former days the outlet was not a safe one. The cow in the college belfry was a nuisance, laugh at the poor old joke as we do; the caricature and the rake gave pain to sensitive minds, and often inflicted wounds which never healed; the town and gown riots were debasing, and often led to criminal violence; the "burial ceremonies" of some despised text-book often developed into vice, and the vices of college students are those of adult passion. Talk about games may be trivial, the athletic hero may be but an absurd hero, though I do not believe it, but such topics and such heroes are noble in comparison with those which they have supplanted.

The man who seeks a college education consciously aims at leadership in some line of the world's work. The fierce scrutiny to which the public subjects his thinking and actions is therefore beneficial. But censoriousness and partiality too often deepen the shadows without heightening the lights of college life. College students surpass in intelligence and morality men of the same age in any other occupation. They ought to do so to a much greater extent than is the case. But no one claims perfection for them any more than for the mature men of any trade or profession. It must be freely admitted that too often their zeal outruns knowledge; that there are abuses in the sacred precincts as in the outer courts. College sports are not free from them. But are they on that account to be undervalued and relegated to the list of nuisances which are to be abolished? By no means. As patriots we want our educated men to be ready for great undertakings, fearless before the most portentous obstacles, versed in human nature, and adroit in the art of politics. There is no better school for the nurture of such qualities than the management of intercollegiate athletics.

The final consideration then is, how should they be conducted, and who should manage them? Of course we want and must have fairness and courtesy. To that end we must have regulations and maxims and a fine tradition. But we also want fire and energy; the fierce joy of struggle, if it must be. In order to have one, we might leave instruction in behavior on the arena where we put instruction in science, or the classics, or philosophy. But it would be a hazardous experiment, and it is to be feared that the university professor would lose still more of his dignity and influence than he has already where he has tried it. Public opinion, both in college and out of it, must be trained to knowledge and judgment; and when it is, good behavior on the part of players, colleges, and on-lookers will be assured. For the other, we must leave the beginning, the middle, and the end to the students themselves, with a minimum of supervision. Sometimes we pay a high price for doing so; but if we are to cultivate the sense for conduct in a most important class of young men, I believe we must do it. We dare not deprive them of either their energy or the invaluable experience which a sense of responsibility to the public alone can give.

THE ICE CROP.

"Kinder hot, ain't it, Seth?"
"Awful! Say, what's the old man doin' to the ice-houses?"
"Oh, he says the ice crop's no good, so he's puttin' chimbleys onto 'em, an' he's goin' ter fix 'em up an' run 'em fur summer boardin'-houses."
"Gee Whickety! The summer boarders will kick themselves and the chimneys all ter pieces when they get the first month's bill."

ATHLETICS IN BOSTON.

THE greatest athletic event of the season took place in the hall of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Association, Boston, Massachusetts, February 15th, when the Boston Athletic Association held their first annual in-door meeting. Invitations to the leading athletic clubs of the country had been sent out some time before, and the result was that about six hundred of the best amateur athletes of America participated in the games. The meeting was the largest of its kind ever held in Boston, and for five hours a crowd of several thousand people watched the struggles of the men. A wooden floor is not the easiest thing in the world to run on, especially when the turns of the track are abruptly made, as was the case at the Mechanics' Hall; and many of the visiting athletes were improperly shod, lacking the spiked shoes necessary to keep the foothold in rounding the sharp corners. Nevertheless, the events were all closely contested, and many surprises were in store for the athletes and visitors alike. The great runner of Princeton, Dohm, was reckoned a sure winner in the half-mile run, and won the preliminary heat; but, after defeating his Harvard rival, Downes, in the final he, in turn, was distanced by Peters, of Boston, and Blake, of Harvard, and came in third place. It was another surprise for everybody when a Harvard man won the one-mile handicap run, with an Amherst and Trimount man second and third respectively, and the expected winner, Day, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, failed to get a place. The winners of the various events were as follows: 40 yards dash, E. H. Green, Harvard; half-mile run, F. R. Peters, B. A. A.; 220 yards run, J. T. McNeil, Trimount; mile walk, J. C. Keating, Pastime A. C.; 440 yards run, K. Brown, Harvard; mile run, G. Colamore, Harvard; 220 yards hurdle, J. C. Lally, Pastime A. C.; high jump, G. B. Fearing, jun., Harvard; putting the shot, J. S. Mitchell, N. J. A. C.; hammer-throwing, Coughlin, Titan A. C.; tug of war, Pastime A. C.

Handsome medals and cups were distributed to the victors, and the meeting in every way was declared a success.

THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, who died of *angina pectoris* at his home in this city on Saturday last, leaves behind him one of the greatest private fortunes ever accumulated, and a reputation for many excellent qualities of both head and heart. The founder of the Astor family, son of a butcher at Waldorf, in Germany, and himself bred to his father's trade, came to this country in 1783, when twenty years of age. His port of destination was Baltimore, and he brought with him to sell on commission a small stock of musical instruments manufactured by his brother in London. The young man met on shipboard, however, a fur dealer, and impressed with the latter's account of profits to be made in the fur trade, determined to come to New York and enter that business. This was the first John Jacob Astor. He speedily acquired a knowledge of the fur trade in the employment of a Quaker furrier, and set up in business for himself; at the same time he became agent of the London piano-maker for whom he had once worked, and established the first music store in New York. His wife, Sarah Todd, brought him a dowry of $300, and with it a rare fund of good sense. Within fifteen years young Astor had acquired a fortune of $200,000. By hard work in his chosen business and judicious investments in real estate and various securities, he swelled this sum before his death in 1848 to $20,000,000. He left two sons and two daughters. One son, who bore his father's name, was demented; the other, William Backhouse Astor, inherited the father's business and much of his fortune.

William B. Astor, perceiving that immense profits must accrue to land holders through the growth of New York, followed his father's example, and invested large sums in urban property. The first Astor had constantly bought lands just beyond the limit of population, and the son not only imitated him in this, but improved upon his method. As a result, at his death, in 1875, he left a fortune estimated at $150,000,000. His children were John Jacob Astor, who is just dead; William Astor, a man of vast wealth; Henry Astor, who was cut off with $30,000 because of a marriage that displeased his family; and three daughters, who married, respectively, Samuel Ward, Frank Delano, and John Carey.

John Jacob Astor third was born in this city nearly sixty-eight years ago. He received his academic education at Columbia College, but failed of distinction in his collegiate course. After leaving college he passed some years in Europe, where he became proficient in the French and German languages, and saw much of fashionable society. Forty-four years ago he married the daughter of Thomas Gibbs, a cultivated South Carolinian, whose family claims descent from King John of England. Mrs. Astor was a leader of fashionable society in New York, and dispenser of many thousands—perhaps millions—in charity. She died less than two years ago, to the great grief of her husband. The income of her large private fortune he is said to have applied since that time to charity.

John Jacob Astor, following the example of his father and grandfather, invested great sums in urban land. He seldom or never sold real estate, and his leases were usually made for not more than twenty-one years, with ample safeguards as to renewals. This had been the policy of his predecessors, so that now the Astors are by far the greatest individual land-owners in New York. The family holdings lie in all parts of the city. They include the Astor House, worth at least $2,000,000; the Schermerhorn Building, facing on Broadway, Pine, and Wall streets; the Exchange Court Building, on Broadway, Exchange Place, and New Street; the Guarantee and Indemnity Building, the Oriole Building, and many others in the down-town business district; besides private dwellings and tenement-houses within the residence portion of the city; and many acres of valuable land miles from the centre of population. It is said that the family owns fully 2500 dwellings within the city limits. The assessment books for the First Ward alone show between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000 worth of property set down opposite the name of Astor, and the family's holdings here are smaller than in several other wards.

John Jacob Astor was not a mere money-getter, though he was known to the public almost exclusively as a man of vast wealth, and his character as a financial magnate perhaps overshadowed for most persons his qualities as a man. His charities, though unostentatious, were large. He gave to the Astor Library, founded by his grandfather, not only over $250,000 in money and land, but much personal supervision, and contributed year by year unknown thousands to a great variety of objects. His tastes were of the simplest sort, and it was only twenty years ago that, in accordance with the wishes of his wife, his great plain brick dwelling-house at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street was beautified with internal decorations. About that time also he and Mrs. Astor began collecting pictures. Before, the house had been almost bare of art objects, but now it contains a great number of paintings and other beautiful things. Mr. Astor was a student, and in some directions perhaps a scholar. He read much in English, French, and German literature, and at times surprised his friends not only by his familiarity with lighter works of genius, but by his mastery of difficult scientific questions. He was a lover of music, and went much to the opera.

Though Mr. Astor had several country houses, he passed nearly the whole year in New York, and attended to business winter and summer. It was his usual custom to walk down to his office in Twenty-sixth Street about nine o'clock in the morning; attend to business there until noon; walk to his lawyer's office far down town; and about three o'clock in the afternoon walk back to his home. He believed this exercise necessary to his health. He seldom rode in going about the city, even in bad weather, and less often in his own carriage than in public conveyances. In spite of his large charities he was close at a bargain, and he seemed to take pleasure in curious small economies. In telegraphing, for example, it was his custom to prune the despatch down to the fewest words that would convey his message. His social life was in keeping with his simple tastes in other matters.

Mr. Astor was a man of striking appearance. He was six feet tall, ruddy, gray, clear-eyed, and of dignified bearing. His dress was extremely simple. He wore no jewels, but was oddly scrupulous in little matters of attire. He took no active part in public affairs, though he was a stanch supporter of the government during the civil war. He attended the Episcopal Church, and was for many years a vestryman of Trinity.

On the whole, Mr. Astor's life was that of a modest, studious, well-bred man, who apparently found pleasure in preserving and increasing a vast fortune, accepted philosophically many of the onerous duties that great wealth imposes, but gladly evaded the vulgar notoriety and ostentation which it sometimes entails. It is significant of the fortune which he must have left behind that his brother William, who has troubled himself little with business, and given much time to costly pleasures, is credited with being worth seventy millions of dollars.

Although Mr. Astor died of *angina pectoris* he had been a man of unusually robust health up to within less than a year of his death. He was ill of influenza in London some months ago, and was much reduced in strength by reason of the disease. With characteristic thoughtfulness for others, he refused, when seized with his fatal illness on Friday, to have members of the family outside of his own house notified, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Astor, sailed for Europe early on Saturday morning without having heard of his death.

The bulk of John Jacob Astor's fortune goes to his son William Waldorf Astor, who will thus become the greatest of New York landholders, and one of the wealthiest men in the world. The secret of the Astor wealth has been so jealously guarded that no trustworthy estimate of it can be made, but William Waldorf Astor falls heir to property worth probably from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000, much of it in land that is more valuable every year, and the remainder chiefly in securities of the safest character. The heir is a tall, handsome, well-educated man, forty-two years of age, and married. His present home is a large but unpretentious house in Thirty-third Street, just east of Fifth Avenue, but he is building at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street what will probably be one of the handsomest of New York homes. He has been twice a member of the New York Legislature, once a candidate for Congress, and during President Arthur's administration was Minister to Italy. In the Italian capital he was distinguished for a magnificent hospitality. Since his return to the United States he has published a successful novel of Italian life.